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NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1877. | VOLUME XXV.—No. 21. Price Ten Cents.

IF THOU WERT BUT DEAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

If thou wert but dead, and the grave had inclosed
All the beauty that gave thee thy power;
If at morning and evening the dear one reposed
Alike through the sunshine and shower,
I could plant o'er thy bosom the flowerets of Spring.
And watch each bright petal unfold,
While the robin should twitter, the mavis should sing,
And Summer should brighten the mold.

I could weep, as I thought of the love that I gave
To the one who lay under the sod,
And could try to look up from the gloom of the grave,
To the mansions eternal with God.
I could think of the sweetness that, passing thy lips,
Made music to brighten my way,
And should dream not at all of the dreary eclipse
Which the grave sod might over thee lay.

But to know thou art false, and to know that I live,
Oh, lateness itself were more true!
There is nothing God giveth a mortal to give
But my spirit has given to you;
And, giving you all, I have staked and have lost,
For a man never counts giving dear
If the gift is returned; 'tis but little the cost
To the heart that is true and sincere.

I shall long for the clasp of the dear little hand;
I shall watch for thee, darling, in vain;
I shall walk all my life through a desolate land,
Alike in the sunshine and rain.
I shall wait for a glance of the beautiful head,
I shall linger and tarry for you;
Ah! little it were if my darling were dead,
And not that my love were untrue.

REAH,
OR A LIFE FOR A LOVE.

A Story of Friendship Betrayed, Retribution and Love.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILY MELVILLE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV—CONTINUED.

The unfortunate comedy which Miss Haidee had so strongly condemned had been hastily withdrawn, and to-night a new burlesque was produced in its stead. No expense had been spared in the mounting, as usual, and Adrien's money had been poured out like water on French costumes, gorgeous scenery, marvelous machinery, and fifty other embellishments for the new piece of elaborate and senseless burlesque. But the people loved burlesque, and the "Casket" was crammed. Haidee, the popular favorite, could dance if she could not act, and she could shout a vulgar patter-song if she could not sing; so, what with the chance of receiving another "bouquore" with the breakdown and the string of vulgar slang, she was bustling about the green-room radiant with anticipatory triumph and vanity.

"Well, Mortimer," said Adrien as the cynic approached him where he leant against a wing, smoking a cigar and languidly watching the waste and extravagance of a band of coryphees, utterly indifferent to the fact that the said waste was at his expense, "are the gods cheerful and amiable?"

"Very," said Mortimer. "They generally are, at a sacrifice; and you are a popular one of theirs. They like you; you bleed so freely, and send such a sweet incense to their nostrils. What has this piece of tomfoolery cost you?"

"I don't know or care," laughed Adrien, knocking the ash from his cigar. "Ask Pomfrey; he wrote it, and has had the management—or, better still, Jasper, who pays the bill. But this will be a success, Mortimer, and I shall make a fortune."

"For Pomfrey and Mr. Jasper," interrupted Mortimer Shelton quietly. "Yes, I understand. Ah, here goes the tigress. Well, Miss Haidee, haven't you a word for me?"

"I hate you!" said Miss Haidee, flashing her superb eyes at his satirical face.

Adrien laughed, and Mortimer joined it with evident enjoyment.

"And I, to follow the copybook, ought to love you, for that was truth. You do hate me, I know. Come and let me open a bottle of champagne for you."

"No, I shan't," said the popular favorite. "Aint you coming to see me go on, Hadrien?"

"I can see you from here," said Adrien indolently. "You look charming, my dear Haidee. Does she not, Mortimer?"

"Most beautiful, too beautiful," said Shelton, bowing low.

Haidee pushed out her lips at him, cast a spiteful glance at Adrien, and, accompanied by a burst of music, bounded onto the stage.

Mortimer watched her with a sneer.

"Hark how they applaud!" he said, glancing up at the crowded and delighted house. "What is Shakespeare's rant to such a breakdown? Long live Mademoiselle Haidee! Shakespeare was an old woman, and is out of date! Why don't you get rid of that painted vixen, Adrien?"

"Because — I don't know," said Adrien, smiling.

At eleven o'clock the crowd, hot, perspiring, but excited and satisfied, poured out of the "Casket." It was a fine night, and the groups of pleasure-seekers were not melted away for half an hour. Even after then, the slight girlish form still lingered near the entrance, in the shadow of an adjoining house, her eyes wandering from the carriage-door to the entrance, where the firemen were busy turning out some of the lights. Presently what she waited for came. The glass doors swung open, and three or four gentlemen came out, laughing and talking.

"Quite a success," said one.

"Yes, for all but Adrien. Pomfrey, you have netted something considerable?"

"Yes," answered the author with quiet satisfaction. "It will run for a hundred nights."

"What a thing it is to be a popular dramatist!" sneered Mortimer.

"Better to be a popular and beautiful actress," whispered Paxhorn as the door swung open again, and Adrien came out, with Haidee upon his arm and Mr. Jasper Vermont following.

"All here?" said the sharp, clear voice of Adrien Leroy. "Drive to my chambers, Duke. Haidee will honor us to-night, and repeat the breakdown for your benefit. Pomfrey, send your cab home; you must sup with us—we want to hear the rustle of your laurels."

There was a clatter of horses' hoofs, a confusion of carriages drawing up, a woman's harsh, vulger laugh rang out above the rest, and then they were gone. Suddenly, while the girl's eyes were strained after them, one of the carriages stopped, and Mr. Jasper Vermont jumped out and hastened back to the theatre. Reah waited for him to re-emerge, which, after a few minutes, he did, bearing a small roll in his hand, and so quietly that Reah did not hear him, and stood right in his path. With an oath he nearly stumbled over her—for he was looking at the papers—then, pushing her aside roughly with his soft hand, said harshly:

"Get out of the way, girl. I have nothing for you."

And he hurried on. At the sound of his voice Reah's face whitened, and she drew back trembling and shaking. So great an effect did it have upon her that she remained gazing after him long after the carriage had rolled from sight. Then, with a shudder, she drew her shawl around her and moved away. Before she had proceeded three steps her foot struck against something light and white. She stooped, and picked up a small roll of paper, and, carrying it to a gas-lamp, saw that it was a portion of the roll which the gentleman had been looking at. She could not read; so, after a moment's glance of curiosity, she slipped it in her bosom and walked dreamily on.

CHAPTER XV.

If all the world be worth the winning,
Think, oh, think it worth enjoying.—DRYDEN.

"Is it Rubens or is it not? that is the question," drawled Mr. Paxhorn, dropping his eyeglass and turning from a long survey of a picture which had been hung in Lady Merivale's drawing-room, and was now being inspected and criticised by a select group of connoisseurs, to wit, Mr. Paxhorn, who was an authority upon all matters of art, and whose word went for a great deal—perhaps more than it was worth—two or three artists, Lord Merivale himself—who knew nothing about his last purchase, save that it was rather worn and dirty looking, and that, on the whole, he should consider it dear, if he spoke his mind freely, at a five-pound note—the Marquis of Standon, and young Pomfrey.

"Yes, that is the question," repeated the Marquis; "a splendid face. I should vote it genuine."

"It's extremely dirty and—worn out, isn't it?" suggested Lord Merivale, covering a yawn, and wondering what on earth it mattered if the old thing were painted by Rubens or any other brother of the brush.

"Heathen!" exclaimed his beautiful wife, tapping him with her fan—it was nearing midsummer, and London was hot—"you are incorrigible. Dirty! why, that is tone."

"Ah, no doubt," said the Earl, turning away and gazing up at a bull by Potter; "I don't know anything about it, I admit."

"I tell you who could pronounce," said Pomfrey.

"Who?" asked the Marquis.

"Adrien Leroy," replied Pomfrey. "He is an artist, you know—or perhaps you don't know, for he keeps all his talents as secret as if they were crimes."

"A modesty quite unfashionable," murmured Lady Merivale, whose face had flushed the slightest in the world at the sudden mention of Adrien's name.

"Yes," assented Pomfrey. "Men proclaim their gifts in the market-place pretty loudly nowadays."

"And so Mr. Leroy is a painter? I did not know that," remarked one of the artists.

"Oh, Adrien is something of everything; but, as I said, you would never guess it. He is in town to-day."

"I saw him in the park with Jasper Vermont," said the Marquis.

"Ah, there is another genius. Now, Lady Merivale, if you wish the genuineness of your picture authenticated, send for Jasper Vermont; he will soon settle the question, or any other you may put to him."

"Not always right," remarked Merivale, turning to the group. "He pronounced for that horse of Le Roy's, King Cole; and his majesty did not win, did he?"

"No; I know it to my cost," said Standon, shrugging his shoulders with a smile. "I had laid a lot on—more than I generally risk. You see, Jasper is a good judge, and really I believe the horse would have won after all but for Adrien's ill-timed generosity."

"What was that?" asked the Countess languidly.

"Oh, he gave the jockey a ten-pound note the night before the race, and of course the fellow got drunk and choked the King at the last hurdle."

"And the jockey was killed, was he not?" asked the artist.

The Marquis nodded.

"Yes; strange thing, rather; but while we were crowding round to help him he went off his head and raved at Jasper Vermont."

The Countess turned her queenly head rather sharply.

"How do you mean?" she said.

"Accused him of something or other," drawled the Marquis; "nobody knows what. Something melodramatic. Of course it was only delirious nonsense—the poor fellow was quite off his head, though the Baron took it in serious part, and half suspected ——"

"What?" asked the Countess as he stopped.

"Well, I don't know; you see, it was so obscure. Why should Jasper Vermont sell the race?"

"Why, indeed?" repeated Pomfrey, considering he had laid a thousand pounds on him; and that is a great deal for him, you know."

"How do you know he backed Ad—Mr. Leroy's horse?" asked the Countess quietly. "Did he tell you so?"

"No; I saw the bet made on the course."

"With whom?" asked the Countess, still quietly, but seemingly unassured.

"With a little Yorkshireman—the fellow who entered that rough-legged creature, which he withdrew before the start. You saw him, Pomfrey?"

"I know," said Pomfrey, "and a pretty haul that little Yorkshireman must have made; for Leroy took a very heavy offer of his, and, what with Jasper's thousand, it must have been a hatful."

The Countess sighed, satisfied at last.

"You seem quite grieved—not on your own account, Eveline, I hope?" laughed her husband.

"No; I lost a dozen of Jouvin's, that was all. I am quite disinterested," she said, but a vision of a check she had drawn for five hundred pounds rose before her as she spoke, and made her bitter.

"Oh, a dozen of gloves will not settle Leroy's little book, I am afraid," said the Earl carelessly.

He shared the general opinion that the Leroy coffers were bottomless, and their resources unfailing. Her ladyship rose rather languidly, as if weary of the subject, and the visitors, taking the movement as a signal for their departure, gathered from the various parts of the drawing-room to say farewell. But while the Marquis was receiving the dainty hand, a noiseless footman threw open the door and announced Mr. Leroy. Lady Eveline's eyes flashed for a moment, then sank into their usual imperial calm as he came forward and bent over her hand.

"I am so glad you are come, Mr. Leroy," she said; "you can settle a knotty question for us. There is my last acquisition. Now, have I been swindled or not? Is it a Rubens?"

Adrien nodded with a smile to the two artists, with whom he had been shaking hands.

"You ask me while such judges are near? Cannot you decide, Alford? nor you, Colman?"

"Well, I say it is," said the first.

"And I think that it is not," laughed the second, and together they commenced a long, detailed criticism.

As they talked, Adrien's downcast face was shadowed by that inevitable look of weariness, and with a smothered sigh, which did not escape Lady Eveline, he came closer to the picture and said quietly:

"Where two such lights cannot discover the truth, who may? I agree with you, Alford, and so I do with you, Colman. A paradox, if you like. But both your arguments are so convincing that, if Rubens painted it and were present to hear you, Colman, he'd be persuaded he didn't; and if he had not painted it, you could almost convince him, Alford, that he had."

There was a general smile at the artists' expense. The Earl laughed aloud, and in an extremely audible whisper exclaimed:

"What a fellow he is! Pity he isn't poor; they' gain something at the bar."

"Ruben's touch," he said, examining the face, "and—what is this?" and he pointed to a small weapon thrust in the girdle of the figure.

"That is a dagger," said Alford. "Here—where are the glasses?"

"Thanks," said Adrien. "It is a dagger, and a Florentine one. Ah, Lady Merivale, I am afraid your last acquisition is rather a remarkable specimen of what a modern impostor can rise to than an example of an old master. That dagger is of comparatively modern fashion—certainly not earlier than the eighteenth century. Rubens died in 1640."

The two artists stared, as well they might, but were not sufficiently acquainted with Leroy to express their surprise at his antiquarian knowledge. The Marquis was not so reticent.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "who would have thought you were up in dates, Adrien? You will astonish some of us one of these days, I do believe. Give a lecture at the Polytechnic ——"

"On the vanity of human life and the folly of wisdom?" said Adrien, sinking into a chair and looking at the picture.

"Eh—what's that?" said a voice, which proved to belong to Mr. Vermont, who had spoken before the footman could announce him.

"Folly of wisdom, Lady Merivale!" he continued as the Countess gave him her hand with a smile. "That's like Leroy; he is always crying over the vanities of the world, while some of us poor fellows, myself for instance, are constantly crying for them."

"Do you know, Mr. Vermont, you remind me of the clown in the pantomime," the Earl said in his outspoken and simple manner.

"Indeed, my lord; an innocent reminiscence, at least, and that is saying a great deal," retorted Mr. Jasper, who never stayed his tongue in the matter of a repartee for lord or commoner. "May I ask why?"

"You always enter the room with an epigram, as the clown appears on the stage with a bound or a joke."

Mr. Jasper bowed, with an amiable smile upon his close-shaven face.

"My lord, that is a high compliment," he said. "The highest vocation a man can have is the amusement of his fellow-men; and yet one higher, perhaps, is a doctor's."

"A doctor's?" repeated several. "Why a doctor's?"

"The man who amuses you," replied Mr. Jasper slowly, looking at the picture as he spoke, "makes life pleasant, and so does you a service; but the doctor makes life shorter, and so confers a greater."

"That's good," said the Earl, turning away with his hearty laugh, adding, with half contemptuous good-nature, "an amusing dog."

"A new picture, which means a very old one," said Jasper, seating himself. "For it is the fashion to sneer at modern ones. Nothing but canvas cracked like a blistered doorpost and brown as a red herring—a member of the pisces species with which you are utterly unacquainted. Lady Merivale—are looked at by your collector. For my part, art is nothing if it is not pleasing; and for the life of me I can't fall in love with a snub-nosed Marie of Dolci, or fall into raptures over a muscular apostle by Michael Angelo. What is this? Portait of a gentleman of the sixteenth century. Hem! Very valuable, I dare say, Lady Merivale?"

The Countess, who allowed herself to be amused by Mr. Jasper Vermont as she would by a pet monkey or an eccentric dog, smiled indifferently.

"That is as one may take it. I have paid three hundred pounds for it."

Mr. Jasper looked up out of the corners of his eyes with what might have passed as a look of innocent surprise, but what a keen observer might have been tempted to describe as a twinkle of satiric enjoyment.

"Three hundred pounds? And I dare say these gentlemen, all good judges, have declared it a wondrous bargain?"

And he motioned with his fat forefinger at the group composed of the Marquis, the two artists and Adrien Leroy.

"Not at all," said the Countess quietly. "Mr. Leroy declares it an imposture."

Jasper looked up with what might have been another smile of surprise, but for a dash of angry impatience in the light of his gray eyes.

"Oh, he disagrees with the general verdict. Adrien is always singular; and how has he detected the fraud?"

"By the only weak point," said Colman, coming up. "That dagger; Rubens never saw such a dagger as that, so could not have painted it."

Mr. Jasper smiled a long, prolonged smile, that seemed to mock the picture as if it were a living thing.

"Capital!" he said. "The rogue who palmed the little imposition upon you was not an antiquarian. Poor fellow, now should he have guessed that one of his critics should be so clever? Ah, ha! and so you send the picture back, and threaten the painter with the stocks and all sorts of pains and penalties for passing his own rubbish off as the rubbish of Rubens?"

The Earl smiled.

"Scarcely," he said. "I wrote the check last night; by this time it is cashed, so that the swindle is thoroughly accomplished."

Mr. Jasper rose with a smile that was genuine, if any he ever wore were.

"Well, don't you think the fellow deserves his spoil, my lord? It is a clever piece of counterfeit to deceive such great lights. And now, Lady Merivale, let me discharge the object of my visit, and so earn your pardon for my intrusion. Grisi sings to-morrow at the Duke's," he added, seating himself near Lady Eveline, and speaking in an undertone.

"Thank you," she said. "How kind of you to find out for me. It was kept such a secret. How did you discover it?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Jasper, elevating his eyebrows, "if I tell you that, it would be bad policy. I may have discovered it so easily that my services as solver of mysteries would sink into insignificance, and Lady Merivale would think lightly of that very piece of conjuring which she now so marvels at. But no matter how. Little birds whisper to Jasper Vermont as he walks in the park, or mystic visitants from the other regions float at his side as potent familiars. No matter; Grisi sings, and so it will be worth while your ladyship's acceptance. She always sings better in private than in public, you know."

He rose, hat in hand.

"And now I am off on another mission. My Cresus has a fresh whim, if one dare call his serene highness' desires by such a light name. What, think you, is his last desire?"

"That is beyond the pale of conjecture," said Lady Eveline, glancing under her lids at Adrien, where he stood still talking, or rather listening.

"What say you, my lady, to a Summer palace on the banks of the Arno?"

"And already one on the Bosphorus?" said Lady Merivale.

"Of which," said Mr. Jasper, "he is quite weary. O lady Merivale! Cresus need well be rich with such a restless disposition. The world is not large enough for him. He is like the mouse that turns the wheel in his pretty cage—always going up and round and round, but never getting any higher or any farther. To-morrow we meet at Phillippi, then. Are there any other commands?"

"None," said Lady Eveline, smiling. "Good-bye."

And Mr. Jasper, after lingering to fire another epigram, softly and amiably departed.

One by one the others followed, until Adrien Leroy remained alone with the Countess; then all Lady Eveline's assumed calm melted, and her face flushed with a rich crimson, as she turned to him with outstretched hands, grandly reproachful.

"You have not quite forgotten me, then!"

"Forgotten you, Eveline?" he said, taking one of the outstretched hands and raising it to his lips, perhaps to hide the sigh of weariness. "That were impossible. Do not reproach me for an absence which was unavoidable. I am the hardest-worked man in London, I really believe! Not an hour seems my own; and if it be, you know that I would spend it with you."

"You have been to Barminster again," said the beautiful woman, turning her face from him and biting her lip with jealousy. "Is it true, Adrien?"

"Is what true?" I asked, flinging himself upon the couch and preparing himself to bear what he expected—a dose of mock love and self-tormenting jealousy on the part of his beautiful companion. "I am almost tempted to reply 'No' without asking you to specify. So few things are true on this earth. But of what do you ask, Eveline?"

"This rumor one hears from all sides."

"What rumor?" he asked languidly.

"That you will marry Lady Constance Tremaine."

He stroked his moustache and looked at her so long and dreamily that she was almost inclined to think he had forgotten her question and her presence.

"Silence is an affirmative in such a question," she said, fanning herself slowly, but with a restless flash of the eye that told of inward excitement.

"Not always," he replied, rising. "I was silent because I could not answer your question, my dear Eveline. At this moment I know not if I shall marry Lady Constance or not; but—give me your hand—you know how distasteful such a question must be, my fair queen; but if I think of doing so, rest assured you shall be the first to hear of it. Never doubt the fidelity of your slave, carissima. A Leroy is never so much very often a slave to folly as well as love."

There was no resisting the soft tone, the gentle caress of his white, strong hand, and the Countess allowed herself to be pacified and conciliated.

"And now you will go, I suppose?" she murmured, bending towards him and turning the rings on his finger pensively. "Go and forget me."

"On the contrary, I will stay and bore you," he said. "You shall make yourself comfortable in that nest of cushions by the veranda, and I, at your feet, will read to you. What? Something of Tennyson's, soft and dulcet, or a smooth, flowing lyric of Barrett Browning's? Where are the books? There?"

And, with a graceful and indolent smile so full of that mystic charm which threw a glamour over his lightest speech and most ordinary movement, he arranged the silken cushions round her, reached a book from the inlaid shelf, and, making himself also comfortable, read aloud, in a low, clear tone, some love-lyric as unreal but pretty as the love at which they were playing themselves.

The regular, musical tones of his voice lulled the beautiful Countess to a dreamful slumber, and, looking up, he smiled as he saw her closed eyelids, and dropped the book on the cushions before him, looking out on the park with a mournful gaze.

Presently the Countess woke, started slightly, and with some slight shadow of embarrassment said:

"You have stopped; you are tired. How cruel of me to let you read in this heat; and how good of you, Adrien, to do it!"

"You are tired, not I," he said. "Have you been asleep, my queen? I am amply repaid if I have given those bright eyes rest. Five o'clock! The time goes with swift wings in the court of love! I must say adieu, for I dine early to-night."

"Where are you going, then?" she asked.

"To the theatre," he said. "There is a supper which I have promised the Duke."

"Good-bye, then," she sighed. "Ah! how I envy everyone else who sees more of you than I do, Adrien!"

"My thoughts are with you often, fair queen, though this poor body is elsewhere. Farewell;" and with another caress of the soft and jeweled hand he left the room, stopping in the marble-walled corridor to adjust a flower she had placed in his coat, and muttering as he did so: "Hot-house flowers, as frail as hot-house love. Would that she gave them to someone less weary of both."

CHAPTER XVI.

How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Adrien Leroy dined alone that evening—a most unusual solitude for him—and Norgate, behind his chair, noticed how thoughtful and languid his master seemed.

"Getting tired of London," thought the astute servant. "We shall be off to the Spas, or the Bosphorus. Strange how these gentlemen get knocked up with enjoyment. He looks as tired of it as a dancing-monkey might. The claret, sir? Yes."

The dinner over, Adrien lay on the soft, low couch in his small but elegant divan, and smoked a cigar in profound meditation, or sleep, for his eyes were closed and every limb was motionless. Unlike most votaries of pleasure, he was far from unhappy when alone, and could find a charm in solitude which other men, when so steeped in the delights of luxurious life, might have sought for in vain. Thrown on his own resources, Adrien Leroy could call up a rich flood of memories stored up by study and a not inconsiderable course of reading. His was a powerful, highly-cultivated mind, that lay fallow and seldom used. Grand ideas, poetic fancies, artistic and ambitious dreams were there, asleep and dormant. Of what use were they to the heir of Barminster, to the monarch of fashion for whom the world strove hard to supply daily the preventives to thought? Had he been a poorer, an unknown man, he might have risen to a fame eclipsing that of the world's greatest names; but, lapped in luxury and lulled by dulcet strains of fashionable homage, he lay supine and quiescent, dissatisfied, but apathetic.

The clock striking seven roused him from his reverie; and, telling Norgate not to sit up for him, he set off for the "Casket," dismissing the brougham and deciding to walk through the park. It was a beautiful evening; the park, growing cool and quiet, was inviting and refreshing. Some of the bywalks were empty, and, tempted by one of them, Adrien Leroy left the broad walk and turned aside. It was a shady nook, in which the kind authorities had caused a seat to be erected.

"Half-past seven," he mused. "It will be hot in the theatre, and I am out of humor. A cigar out here will set me right and brace me for the wits and Haidee's vulgarity. I'll have it."

So saying, he extended himself full length on the hard seat, lit a cigar, and fell to a reverie. An hour passed, perhaps two. Dreaming indolently, he had lost count of the time, forgotten the theatre—everything—save the pleasant quietude of the spot and the cool silence. His cigar was smoked to an inch, the closing-time was past, and with a sigh he rose to exchange the hard seat for a lounge at the side-wings of his theatre, amongst the crowd of ballet-girls and the gas-jets, as he picked up his stick, which had fallen to the ground, he heard a footstep behind him, and, turning, saw an ill-dressed, scowling-looking man approach him. Something about the stout, shambling figure or the dirty, evil-browed face seemed familiar to him, and, with the stick in his hand, he stood regarding it for a moment. To his surprise, the man stopped when he reached him, and, nodding with a sulky frown, said, in a thick, sullen voice:

"Good-evening. Don't remember me, it seems?"

"I do not," said Adrien Leroy, quietly scanning the bleared, swollen face, and thinking the man intoxicated.

"Ah, you swells 'as bad memories. I remember you well enough; rum, now, aint it?"

"Possibly," he said, buttoning his glove. "Do you want anything of me, my friend?"

"That depends," responded the man, moving forward as he spoke, so that he stood right in Adrien's path. "You're Mr. Leroy, aint you?"

"I am," said Adrien, half amused. Impertinence was too strange to him to offend him.

"Mr. Hadrien Leroy, that lives in Crown Chambers?"

Adrien nodded.

"You are quite correct, my good fellow," he said. "And now, having satisfied your curiosity, have the goodness to step aside and let me pass."

"Wait a minute, guv'nor," said the man, half respectfully. "I wants to asks you a question or two. You're a gentleman—so they say, and p'raps you'll answer 'em as a gentleman should."

"Be quick, then," said Adrien quietly.

"You don't remember me, you says. P'raps you'll remember my name. My name is Wilfer—Johann Wilfer."

"Johann Wilfer?" repeated Adrien, thoughtfully and slowly, wondering where he had heard the name before.

"Yes; Johann Wilfer, picture-restorer, Cracknell Court, Soho."

"Oh!" said Adrien, "I remember you. Well, what do you wish to know? First, please, however, let me ask you a question. Has the girl Reah returned to you yet?"

"Oh! that's it! Nothing like getting the first word. That's just you swells with a poor man. Has she returned to me? No; of course she hasn't, and you know it. She won't return to me, I reckon, until you've done with her."

Adrien leant up against the railing, and looked at the man gravely and thoughtfully. He was wondering what had become of the girl, with her dark eyes and silken hair. Alas! what could have become of her but one dark fate, if she had not returned to this man, her guardian?

"She aint returned to me, and you know it," concluded Mr. Wilfer, eyeing the calm patrician face evilly. "And my question is, where is she, and what have you done with her?"

"And I answer that I do not know where she is, and that I have done nothing with her, my friend," replied Adrien.

"That's false," said the man with a sneer.

Adrien Leroy looked down at him with calm regard.

"You are impertinent, my man," he said in his clear tones. "Stand aside, and let me pass."

Mr. Wilfert thrust his hands into his pockets, and stood his ground stolidly.

"Where's your hurry?" he said insolently. "It won't do with me, Mr. Leroy, and so I tell you. I ask you where my niece is, and, by Heaven, I'll know, too."

"She was your niece?" he said.

"She was," said the man sullenly, "though it's no business of yours; she belonged to me."

"I suppose so, or you would not have ill-treated her," said Adrien quietly. "When did you see her last?"

"You know; three months ago," replied Mr. Wilfer coarsely. "She run away the mornin' you came after her."

Adrien flushed for a moment with the desire to knock the fellow down, but he restrained the longing, and said instead:

"You told an untruth, then, when you told me she had stolen from you and ran away three weeks before?"

"Of course; who wouldn't, to save his gal from such as you? But what's the use of all this idle palaver, guv'nor?"

"One word for all," exclaimed Adrien, "I have never seen the child since the night I took her from the cold. Now stand out of the path, or I will do what I should have done before this—hand you over to the police."

"So that's your answer, is it?" said Mr. Wilfer hoarsely. "Well, you're no gentleman, after all."

Adrien, pushed past all endurance, caught the fellow by the shoulder and swung him round, hoping to push him aside without hurting him, for he began to think that his suspicion of the man's intoxication was a correct one; but Mr. Wilfer was not to be got rid of thus easily, and with a growl of rage snatched at Adrien's loose overcoat and clung like a leech.

Adrien, shuddering at the pollution of the man's touch, grasped him by both arms, gave him a little shake, then fairly lifted him from the path, and dropped him over the railings. Johann Wilfer scrambled to his feet, and was about to pursue Adrien, when a gentleman crept out of the shade and prostrated him by a sudden blow on the head.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"REAH."—LADY CONSTANCE AND MR. JASPER VERMONT.

BETWEEN THE SEASONS,
Or the Stranded Stock-actor.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Yes, sir, I'll take another glass" ('twas Mr. Wopsle spoke
I called: "One bier—iced brandy-punch"). "Yes, sir," he
said, "dat broke!
I played three months with Spilkins' spec—you know his
splendid check?
Engaged for general biz I was, at twenty-five a week.
'Twas soon half-salaries, and then—excuse me while I
quaff—
Spilkins' began without a cent, and that's where I left off.
I travel'd with snap companies—New England and the
West—
Burst up—got stranded—starving—tramped; I needn't
tell the rest!
Back in New York at last, I made a chance night here and
there;
First heavies or utility—got so I didn't care;
Struck one of these flash stars, did well—as long as *he*
came down
Who backed *her* up—then broke again; and now I'm on
the town.
Ah! Lester Wallack sails his yacht; Booth Summers at
Cos Cob;
Canadian streams of gleaming trout Sothern and Florence rob;
Mag Mitchell, Chanfrau, Montague, make merry at Long
Branch;
George Rignold stalks in big hotels; John Owens on his
ranch.
To them the Summer holiday is pleasure, rest and sport
(Of those who're wreck'd on stormy seas, they reck not
who's in port)—
But when a fellow's stalled in town and owes a big board-
bill,
The spell between the seasons is the hardest kind of mill.
It grinds one down to that fine point that makes a boon
free lunch—
Yes, sir, I don't care if I do ——" "Waiter, bier—brandy-
punch!!"

RATHER AWKWARD:
AN EXPERIENCE IN THE CAREER OF A CRITIC.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY EMAC CROOK.

The play was really a very bad play, but that didn't help matters in the least. How should I have known?—but let me explain just how it happened.

As dramatic critic of *The Footlight*, I was expected to attend the initiatory performance of "John's Opportunity." That was the title of the four-act society-drama announced for production on the stage of Doubledee's. The preliminary notices, added to the very liberal advertising with which Doubledee always seas out a new piece, had awakened considerable curiosity with respect to this play; and this curiosity was intensified among the critics by the fact that nobody knew the author. For myself, when first informed that Doubledee was about to bring out a play written by a nobody, I must confess to a feeling of indignation as deep as it was just.

"Why," I remarked to a brother critic—the distinguished Pickfaw—"why, Doubledee has had a play of mine locked up in his desk for three years. What right"—I put the question on the ground of morality—"what right has he to accept the namby-pamby stuff written by a nobody, and to refuse such a production as mine?"

Pickfaw declared that he had no right whatever—that it was a direct insult to me, the illustrious Caustic. (I may add that Pickfaw himself had a play, which he had written some years before, also locked up in Doubledee's desk.)

My indignation over the production of "John's Opportunity" was shared, as I speedily discovered, not only by Pickfaw, but by all the other distinguished critics. Snarler said that it was a burning shame. Grumbler remarked that it was a shameful burn. Pepper declared that Doubledee ought to be made to smart for his impertinence. (Snarler, Grumbler and Growler had each submitted an original play to Doubledee, and that gentleman had consigned the several manuscripts to the drawer of his desk.) When we had thoroughly discussed the matter, it was agreed that we, the illustrious critics whose dramas had been set aside to make room for that of a Nobody, should dip our pens in the gall of satire, and demolish "John's Opportunity."

On the night of the first performance of this play I took my seat in Doubledee's Theatre with the full determination of being displeased with whatever might be presented. The house was filled to overflowing. It was pre-eminently a "first-night" audience. In the chair at my side sat a little man with a bald head, who was excessively nervous, and who was continually turning about to look at the people behind him. His behavior was so glaringly out of place, and evinced such an unbecoming interest in what was going on, that I could only scowl upon him fiercely. It was obvious that he was not a "first-nighter." His shabby black coat was out of all keeping with his elaborate white cravat, which he had evidently donned for this especial occasion. His one-button kids had a suspicious odor of benzine about them. And more than all else, he betrayed his verdancy by addressing me on terms of such familiarity that I was shocked.

"Magnificent house, isn't it?" he began.

"A very fair house," I answered chillingly.

"Big success, this play is, don't you think so?"

"I prefer to refrain from expressing an opinion," I replied, "until I have seen the play."

Then I buried myself in a perusal of the bill, leaving my fidgety companion to his own reflections.

When the curtain went up on the first act, I brought my analytic vision to bear on the stage. The play opened with a scene in a Fifth-avenue mansion, the home of Mr. Darrydown, a rich broker. His son John, who was discovered to be the hero of the piece, was introduced as a foppish young man who had recently returned from college. A friend of his sister, a very pretty girl, had inspired John with love, and the act was chiefly devoted to the expression of this tender sentiment. As soon as the curtain had descended, my bald-headed friend turned to me and demanded:

"Well, sir, what do you think of that?"

"I think it exceedingly insipid," I answered.

"You don't, now, do you?" he said, the perpetual smile on his face giving way to a momentary frown. "Why, sir, I think that is one of the most delightful bits of acting that I ever witnessed."

I smiled, and was tempted to tell the fidgety little gentleman that his opinion of stage representations was of precious small value; but I restrained myself.

The second act disclosed a scene at Long Branch, where the Darrydowns and some other uninteresting people were introduced. John, the hero, is prompted to make a proposal of marriage to his sister's friend, which is rejected on the ground that John is a fop, whose ambition is limited to eyeglasses, cravats and waistcoats. The young man is given to understand that, if he would win the woman of his choice, he must do something worthy of her—he must prove himself a hero.

"Isn't that capital?" exclaimed my nervous companion when the act was brought to a close.

I replied that I failed to see anything at all meritorious in the scene.

"But it is so delicately humorous," he persisted, "so true to nature, so well sustained. Did you observe what a capital effect was produced by the refusal of the hero's offer?"

I had failed to observe any such effect. Indeed, the two acts had impressed me as drearily stupid and commonplace. In my own mind I was drawing a comparison between this senseless bosh and the bright dialogue and rollicking action of my own comedy, which Doubledee had refused to bring out. No doubt similar comparisons, with respect to their own plays, were going on in the minds of Pickfaw, Snarler, Grumbler and Pepper. But the little man at my side knew nothing of this. Indeed, he did not even know that it was to the distinguished Caustic to whom he was expressing his views—a fact which, in itself, showed his dense ignorance of things theatric.

"Are you acquainted with the author of this play?" inquired my persistent companion.

"No," I answered; "I do not even know his name."

"He has made a big hit, hasn't he?"

"He has produced an abominably stupid play," I replied with some little warmth.

"Well, it's singular, now, that I should see it in such a different light," observed my companion. "I think it is a most delightful comedy. By the way, are you acquainted with any of the critics?"

"Slightly!" I answered.

"Don't you think they will be favorably impressed?"

"Well, I cannot speak for them all," was my reply; "but I can say, so far as *one* is concerned, that he is anything but favorably impressed, and that he proposes to show up this twaddle as it is."

A frightened expression came over the face of the fidgety little man, who, after eyeing me intently for a minute, gasped out:

"You really don't mean to say, sir, that ——"

"I mean to

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

CENTRAL PARK.—On April 13, 1868, the Bowery Theatre was reopened, after being closed one week, and after undergoing a complete internal renovation, with the prices advanced to 50 cents for box admission and 25 cents to the pit. The attraction was the first appearance there of K. Seguin, F. Gardner, W. Saure, R. Warden, Mrs. Seguin, and Miss Lachenstein in Balfe's opera of "The Bohemian Girl," and the ballet of "Nathalie," with Julia Turnbull and G. W. Smith in the principal roles. A dramatic version of "The Bohemian Girl" has frequently been played there.

W. L. V., Newark.—Tony Pastor's Company, during the Summer of 1876, included, besides himself, Lurline and Watson, Gus Williams, Harry Kernell, the Big Four, Jennie Morgan, Marie Whittingham, Master Newman, Harry and Lizzie Braham, Crossley and Elder, Karl Lind, Baby Bindley, Charley Morley, Frank Girard, H. T. Dyring and orchestra. They began their traveling season in the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., April 3, and performed in your city April 26.

F. W.—1. It would depend upon your aptitude how long it would take you to learn the song-and-dance business. 2. You could not command any salary until you made some reputation. Take any you can get for the right to be offered until you make a success. 3. It would depend entirely upon your ability and reputation. 4. We cannot say how much any performer makes a year, because we know nothing of his expenses.

C. W., St. Louis.—You have adopted an unusual method of play, and therefore there is no fixed rule to apply to it. As, however, the games were independent, common sense requires that the results should also be regarded independently. There were but two losers—J. and S. As I threw the three games to S.'s two, he is benefited to the worse off. You would have quickly discovered that, had money or cigars been dependent upon each game.

H., Lowell.—The only reason we have for our decision is that the Lowells won the game by a score of 9 to 0. That is reason enough, the bet being that the Lowells would make the score. It was not that the Fall Rivers refused to continue the game, the score was 5 to 4 in favor of the Lowells does not save the backer of the Fall Rivers. If withdrawing from a game could save bets, none would ever be lost.

A. T., Owego.—1. They are technical phrases to indicate the lines of business. If a man plays juvenile characters, he is called the juvenile man. 2. There is no order in which salaries range. Sometimes a low comedian gets a larger salary than the leading man. 3. We think W. R. Jager is the best. 4. Thanks for the information sent. We desired it for record only, not for publication.

SIGMA.—Your rules, if composed in part of special law and in part of "Parliamentary law," need amendment. If four members constitute a quorum, and one (the president) cannot vote except when there is a tie, it in effect requires a unanimous vote, instead of a three-fourths, to suspend the rules, when only a bare quorum is present. Your association certainly never contemplated that.

J. F. W., Charleston.—We cannot decide your bet. Inform us what evidence Dwyer Brothers will produce to prove that a troupe called the San Francisco Minstrels performed in the Bowery during the Summer of 1866, and we will endeavor either to corroborate it or to disprove it.

F. B., Jersey City.—The question was not decided before, and your request that we answer in the present issue is one that cannot be complied with, in view of the unusual nature of the question. Inquire about the bonds in Wall street.

A. B. C., Fort Sill.—The "age" does not pass, at draw poker, because a player is blind or a raiser. The usual course is to be either filled or passed before the draw, and then the betting begins the same as if there had never been a blind.

H. W. S., Singleton.—C has no claim upon the gun. If B will not comply with the rules, he should not be given the gun, which, however, cannot be claimed by the next highest thrower. It is now a matter wholly between C and the man who furnished the refreshments.

G. B. M., Buffalo.—Have the kindness to state approximately what year you refer to. We have not the space to search the records of the Rochester track for several years. Perhaps the answer to "J. M. H., Danville," will meet the case.

BOWLING, Millerstown.—The leading collar-and-elbow wrestlers are James Owens, J. H. McLaughlin, John McMahon, J. H. Martin, Homer Lane, C. H. Murphy, Wm. Farrell and Dan Gleason.

WM. F. H.—According to your statement of the case, no money-prize being offered to the winner of the contest, he could not be classed as a professional because the gentlemer subsequently made him a present of a sum of money.

SAUNTERER, En route.—1. Address Stephen Roberts, 368 South street, this city. 2. A letter sent to the secretary of the Nameless Club, in care of this office, will doubtless reach him.

C. H. JR., Brockton.—No answers by mail. We do not know the person. There are several persons in that line of business, any one of whom you could, probably, engage by inserting a card in our advertising columns.

ROBERT BELL, Zanesville.—We have not the book at hand, but you can obtain what you require by making application to the secretary of one or more associations, sending letters in care of this office.

LANNIE HARPER, Davenport.—It was while rowing stroke of an English four against the Paris crew of St. John, N. B., in a race on the Kennebaccasis River, that James Kenforth was seized with the illness which caused his death.

READER.—Mons. Cartier, dancing-master, is said to have waltzed six hours, consecutively, in this city, but we cannot vouch for the authenticity of the statement, and therefore decline to decide the bet.

W. G. M., Rochester.—The bet is a draw. Failure to make runs did not draw the game. It was drawn by the mutual consent of the clubs in order to permit one party to catch the train.

R. J. COSTELLO, Verona.—You are both wrong. Ned O'Baldwin actually shot in the match for his business partner, Michael Finnell, Sept. 27, and died here Sept. 29, 1875.

DR. T. F. G., San Francisco.—We have already answered, as far as we can conveniently go. We wrote to Hartford, and now you had better address the Quartermaster's Department, Washington, D. C.

F. F.—It is impossible for us to say what salary any minister receives. Ordinarily, of late years, he has been credited with receiving $20,000, apart from perquisites. We believe it is now but $15,000.

J. A. B., Fort Sill.—There is neither right nor wrong about that game. The party who runs it makes all necessary decisions—in other words, the "rules of the house" govern.

NEWARK, N. J.—Ordinarily, the penalty of a misdeal at cribbage is that the non-dealer shall score two points. There are times, however, when no penalty whatever attaches, and the dealer simply deals again.

HARRY KNIGHT, Hartford.—Striking-bags are made of canvas or buckskin, and filled with curled hair. Weight, 20lb.

MCG.—The umpire was wrong in remitting the score to that of the fifth inning after seven innings had been played on both sides.

CONSTANT READER, South Peabody.—E. P. Weston started from Portland, Me., Oct. 29, and arrived in Chicago Nov. 28, 1867.

BROOKLYNITE.—Call upon or address Edward Wigzell, Ravenswood Athletic Grounds, Vernon avenue, Ravenswood, Long Island City.

OLD CINCINNATIAN.—A counts the first jack. The last is not a legal trump, and cannot be counted. The cards had virtually run out when he last turned up a spade.

H. P., Pittsburg.—It was intended solely for San Francisco and the Chinese and kindred foreign markets. In San Francisco it is now at a discount.

W. H. B., Au Sable.—The cards falling 2, 2, 3, 4, the player of the 4 has the right to lead, as the two for his making a pair by playing the second deuce.

T. B., Philadelphia.—Inquire of the manager of Miller's Winter Garden, in your city. He may have played there for some person's benefit.

A CONSTANT READER, Belle Plaine.—The one nearest the iron counts; or, if both touch, the one which has most iron in contact.

H. C. B., Richmond.—1. A waist-ball is a high ball, and unless a high ball is called for it is not a fair ball. 2. Yes; send on your address.

GUS CLINTON, Morristown.—Send to the secretary of the Nameless Club, care of Marsters' baseball emporium, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MONTE, Boston.—1. Cannot say. 2. C. Mills, Walters, E. Mills, Swandel, Nelson, Hatfield, Fatterson, Eggler and Martin. 3. He is an old Harlem player.

J. M. C., Hamilton.—Such Bros., Fulton street, near Broadway, New York, deal in coins, but we know nothing further about them.

J. B. F., Montgomery.—It is mainly a question of taste. There might be reasons, apart from any question of taste, for the president's keeping his seat.

SUBSCRIBER.—Yes; she appeared at Tony Pastor's and Theodore Thatte's. She is also in this city as a vocalist and song-and-dancer. Cannot say when and where she was born.

J. H. C., Jersey City.—Tom Ochiltree was distanced by Old in the second heat of a two-mile-heat race at Baltimore, Sept. 25, 1876.

H. A. C., Bay City.—There are no purses for horses of the 2:20 class in the Grand Central Circuit this year.

J. C.—Unthinkable. Not understood. We have inclosed your letter to the parties, and advertised it.

BIG FOOT, Milford.—1, 2. Both of German descent, we believe. 3. At Kalamazoo, Mich.

OSWEGO FALLS.—The best time for 100 yards, running, is 9¾ seconds, standing start; 150 yards, 15 seconds.

R. G., Indianapolis.—A letter addressed in care of this office will reach him at all times.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Yours is the only complaint we have received. Write to them again.

M. F.—Lincoln can procure them or Sam'l French & Son, 122 Nassau street, this city. Price, 15 cents each.

C. B., Zanesville.—No answers by mail. We have no knowledge of his whereabouts.

P. H. S.—1. It means that he uses no posters. 2. No relation.

J. D. A.—He is living, and can be addressed in care of this office.

C. L. R., Chicago.—1. Not married. 2. About 22 years of age. 3. She will probably be at the theatre you name.

E. S. S.—If you mean Hamilton Wilbur's work, Ed. James can send you that by mail for $2.50.

N. R., Bloomington.—O. B. Collins and Kate Raymond are performing in England at present.

PITTSBURG.—John C. Heenan died at Green-river Station, U. P. R. R., Wyoming Territory, Oct. 25, 1873.

CONSTANT READER.—Cannot say. Some of the necessary arrangements prevented its appearance then. It may be given in a future number.

R. D. G., Brooklyn.—Ellen Tree (Mrs. Chas. Kean) is living in retirement in London, Eng.

W. F. Petrolia.—Nat Langham was the only man who ever won a fight from Tom Sayers.

LON MACK, Boston.—Not having "face, ace or trump," you cannot call for a new hand or deal.

S. H.—The straddle does not have the "age" at any time at draw-poker.

HOSE.—His change of citizenship would not bear him any more than it would clear a murderer or a burglar.

J. G. O., Indianapolis.—It depends upon the nature or cause of the "draw," which you have not stated.

T. F. E., Niagara Falls.—Half-mile in trotting time is not of record.

ENQUIRER.—A takes five—three for the run and two for thirty-one.

S. J. L. U.—A must make 10 in order to count the 4 he needs.

C. D. A., Philadelphia.—No answers as to the relative circulation of newspapers.

TOP, Ashland.—The jack turned up counts at once, and puts the dealer out.

SUBSCRIBER, Baltimore.—We are acquainted neither with the author nor with his work.

P. E., Meriden.—A was out the moment B foolishly put his pile out by giving it him three.

LONE STAR, Spring Valley.—He takes whichever base he reached first before being put out.

A READER, Oshawa.—The decision was correct. They had no right to refuse to play.

A. B., Syracuse.—It was 7 to 7, a drawn game, and bet is off.

J. M. C., Brooklyn.—No; the Mutuals never won the pennant.

A. J. PERKINS.—There are no letters for him here except the one you now send.

Y. R. CRASK.—Yes; a letter so addressed will reach them.

G. H. M., Brockville.—Consult some phrenologist, if you have faith in such matters.

K. N. C. AND W. W. W., Indianapolis.—The Freemasons' society is older than the Oddfellows'.

W. M., Edenburg.—Call or apply to Wm. G. Green, 39 West 13th street, New York.

CARELESS.—1. The fastest way is to go by flying start. 2. None for sale.

R. D., Lexington.—1. Apply to some manager. 2. Do not give opinions.

CONGRESS HALL, Saratoga.—Jim Mace was born April 8, 1831.

R. P. G., Scittico.—We do not know where the implement can be got.

J. M. H., Danville.—Goldsmith Maid's fastest time at Rochester, N. Y., in 1874, was 2:14¾, made Aug. 12.

WREDE, Brooklyn.—At the last U. S. census the population of Portsmouth, O., was 9,886. That was in 1870.

FLINT, Cohoes.—1. B loses the bet. 2. A and B can throw off for the cigars. The bet has already been settled.

DOC, Cedar Rapids.—The bet is void. It was based upon there being runs on both sides, and there were not.

J. A. L., Detroit.—It is gambling, and may also be regarded as a bet.

CALIFORNIAN, San Francisco.—You cannot add to your partner's pile.

H. H. H., Lexington.—1. His decision was right. 2. Yes.

H. W., Boston.—Has to put up the same money as A.

CLARA.—We have more than one "Dime" room in our.

BASEBALL PLAYER, Rockville.—It is a low ball, and fair.

L. T.—Not for past, as no such intimation was given.

SPORTSMAN, Hartford.—Sanchez won in that case.

M. S.—John Morrissey stands 5ft. 11¼in. in height.

R. H. D., Providence.—We do not remember it.

A READER.—Joe Coburn was born July 31, 1830.

N. A. M., Burlington.—Hartford was second.

PLEBEIAN CLUB, Belfast.—He cannot do it.

G. H. N., Indian Orchard.—Man or horse!

L. L., St. Louis.—There is no run for B.

F. J. P., Eddyville.—Yes; he is out.

F. C., Oglesby.—It will appear soon.

A. T. S.—The goddess is the head.

J. W. B., Needle Falls.—Not out.

W. R. H., Jersey City.—A is out.

H. T., Barnard.—You are right.

R. E., Philadelphia.—The jack counts.

J. MARKHAM.—Not to be had.

P. J. WILLIS.—Out of print.

W. H. S., Titusville.—Yes.

A. B., Chicago.—B wins.

AND NOW the question arises whether we are to suffer as much from the labor strikers as from the political "strikers."

WE HAVE been greatly perplexed with the complexion of the political firmament, and we were about to write another thrashing article on the situation throughout the country, and the bias of the several leaders of the contending forces; but after due consideration we have thought it best to forego this pleasure until a more fitting occasion, for really everything is so mixed up that we cannot see our way clear to take a stand with any hope of retaining it until the campaign closes. To-day we learn that President Hayes' policy is being endorsed *everywhere*—of course we determine at once to espouse the cause of Rutherford, and give him our undivided support. But ere we get fairly started there comes a nipping and an eager air which tells us that Maine has locked out Hayes, that Blaine is on the war-path, and that Delaware is likely to join hands with the Maine strikers. Of course this induces a change of opinion, and we conclude to throw up Hayes, and come out from among the foul party and take the opposite tack. Scarcely have we decided to buckle on our armor when up starts the labor-giant, and his threatening appearance induces another halt and another change in our opinions. The giant looks as if he means business—as if he will carry the country with a rush, and sweep everything before him like an avalanche. Of course, we join the labor movement, and we commence such a withering article that we shudder at its probable effect on the old political parties and issues; but ere we reach the climax, in which the American eagle and the Stars-and-stripes are to play prominent parts, intelligence bursts upon us that communism will kill the labor-party stone dead—that it will not leave the workingman a peg to stand on; and there we are, without a party, without a living principle, and without hope for the future. You will therefore understand the position in which we are placed by no act of our own, and you will readily perceive the necessity which compels us to defer the writing-up of the scathing political leader until such times as the progress of events shows clearly what party and principles are likely to be in the ascendant. Discretion is ever the better part of valor.

THERE IS not that great diminution in the congregation of small boys which was looked for when unripe fruit and vegetables made their appearance among us; and, though the mortality shows a fair average, the obituary poet finds his office a comparative sinecure. The green apple is not so effective as in former seasons, nor has the cucumber filled the fullness of its mission. The green gooseberry has done yeoman's duty, and the rhubarb-plant came up smiling, but unaided they were unable to cope successfully with the small boy in the battle of life, and the number of the latter who have climbed the golden stair is rather below the mean average. The succulent watermelon and the sour plum have yet to be heard from; but it must be admitted that the season is a failure.

BETWEEN the Hayes policy and the baseball championship we are kept in a constant worriment. We think, however, that, so far, the baseball problem is nearer solution than the labor question. Isn't it astonishing that, while everybody is *talking* labor, very few are doing anything *practical* in that line? On the other hand, baseballers are *all* at work, striving to settle the question whether the game depends more upon a curve-pitcher than upon an eccentric catcher, leaving Blaine and Hayes entirely out of the argument.

THOSE GENTLEMEN who, during the dull season, get a good deal of enjoyment out of the pastime of stoning railroad trains are not very accurate in their aim, else why do their flying missiles go so wide of the mark? It is said that one of the throwers, getting too close to a passing train, was drawn in by the "undertow" of the whirling locomotive, and crushed to death by the unfortunate collision. Are the lives of our fellow-citizens to be thus jeopardized by the recklessness of railroad engineers?

THE FESTIVE GRASSHOPPER is raiding through the peach-district of Delaware, and the bumble-bee is circuiting round among camp-meetings. The seventeen-year locust is singing his native air amid the vine-clad hills of Jersey, and to his presence may be attributed the late cold storm. It is well to keep on the track of these insects, for their breath is like the blast of the sirocco, consuming all before it.

"OUR JIM" is under the impression that our foreign relations must imagine that we starved Gen. Grant while he was with us; for over there one party will give him a breakfast, another set will get him up a substantial dinner, while others contribute a supper to the General's rations; and the unsophisticated youth writes to know if this is what they call living on the "European plan?"

WHEN GEN. GRANT reached the Lake of Como he failed to see any alabaster lamps or similar things so tenderly spoken of by Claude Melnotte when he sought to mold the gentle Pauline to his purpose; and the General is disposed to regard the entire story of "The Lady of Lyons" as a miss-chievous fabrication.

WE PLACE no reliance in the rumor, but it is said that the Broadway statues contemplate a strike. Times are so uncertain that a statue may stand at the corner the whole day, and never catch a single flat. There is no foretelling where the fever will strike next.

STOCK ENGINEERS down in Wall street give Sol over a wide berth since that little affair, and they don't play no little game on him. As somebody says in the play of "The Lady of Lyons," its astonishing what respect we have for a man who has given us a thrashing.

THE RACING SEASON has not been so racy as in former years; but we do not attribute it to the absence of the pool, but rather to the absence of the people, and the impecuniosity of those who *did* put in an appearance.

TO OUR INNOCENT and unsophisticated readers we have no objection to state that the stripe on ladies' stockings worn in the street runs up and down. We *have* to learn such things, because we write for the papers.

THE EFFECT of the assault on the round-house in Pittsburg has been to bring any number of tramps to this city, where they may be seen prowling round houses every night. This is the reign of terror!

LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANIES continue to die; and even in the case of those that survive it cannot be said that while there's life there is hope, for it would seem that "all who enter here leave hope behind."

IF THE "Permanent Exhibition Society of Philadelphia" doesn't get along more harmoniously than it has been doing of late, the exhibition is not likely to be as permanent as it was hoped to be.

BUCKINGHAM is taken. He seems to have been off his head when he perpetrated the forgery which resulted in his arrest last Friday. "So much for Buckingham."

WE ARE GIVEN to understand from our exchanges "that they need rain in West Virginia." Yes; and since the strike down there they need a little "dough," too.

A TRIAL of mowing-machines took place in the vicinity of Philadelphia last Saturday. We cannot have too many of such exhibitions—the mower the merrier!

IT IS MORALLY certain that the red man will feel terribly incensed if his Father at Washington should fail to supply him with a little more grape!

"IN THE SWEET BY-AND-BYE" we were jilted. That will account for the joy we feel when we see seasick women on a fishing-excursion.

WOMEN are not to have a monopoly of that sort of thing; and that's why the military were called upon to set the strikers' tied back.

A NUMBER of the adult population of Scranton have been arrested for striking miners! Thus is the majesty of the law vindicated.

OWING to the absence of many habitues of Saratoga this year, there has been a partial eclipse of the *Moon on the Lake* at that place.

THE GUERRILLAS who rob miners returning from the Black Hills region are supposed to be "Knights of the golden fleece."

WHEN JAY GOULD dropped to the condition of things by which he was surrounded, it was too late to prevent a tumble.

WE NEED more holidays in this country. Realizing this fact, Virginia has just added another Holliday to its lists.

THE OPPOSITION PARTY in Ohio are advising the Republican candidate for Governor to "Go, West."

DID YOU ever notice that people who are *underhand* generally succeed in getting *under foot?*

PLANTED OYSTERS, like all other plants, should have a good supply of water.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

***. Aug. 6: Benjamin Oden Mulliken, aged 29, a newspaper reporter, committed suicide at Boston, Mass.....At Sigourney, Iowa, Miss Caroline White, aged 17, shot William A. Holland, a married man, for tradeing her.....James Williams stabbed and probably fatally wounded Jack Haydon at Frankfort, Ky. Both were colored.....Charles H. Layton committed suicide by hanging at Enon, O.....At East Cleveland, O., Mrs. Elizabeth McFadden, an old lady, long bedridden, ended her life by cutting her throat with a razor.....Miss Frances J. Henderson, alias Mrs. Frank Holmes, of this city, was assaulted with a hatchet and perhaps fatally wounded by Thos. H. Clark.....Forest fires were reported to have destroyed several towns and villages, and caused the death of several persons in northeastern Wisconsin.....The hundredth anniversary of the Herkimer-Gansevoort victory was celebrated at Oriskany, N. Y., about fifty thousand people being present.—Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour delivered the oration.....A coroner's jury at Lewiston, N. Y., found that Elias M. Bromley came to his death by violence at the hands of Christopher M. Flanagan, who broke his skull and then threw him into the Niagara River.....Cable news: Riots occurred in Belfast, Ireland, during the celebration by the Nationalists of the birth of O'Connell; houses were demolished and several persons wounded. The village of Garuse, in Prussia, and Sunsvall, Sweden, were destroyed by fire. Burmah and Assam, in India, having had a sufficient fall of rain, were reported free from all danger of famine. Gens. Schackesky and Krudener were said to have regained the positions held by them previously to the disastrous battle at Pievna. Colonel Wellesley returned to England to contradict the Turkish atrocities concerning the ragged barbarities practiced by the Russians. Austria has borrowed 26,400,000 florins for the purpose of mobilization.....Fires: The Stokes Oil Works on Newtown Creek, L. I.—loss over $75,000, covered by insurance; G. T. Murdoch's brick woolen mill, in Quinabaugh, Ct.—loss $20,000; St. Boniface Hospital, South St. Louis, Mo.—loss about $35,000, insured for $17,000; the penitentiary stables, outbuildings, etc., with fourteen horses, at St. Vincent de Paul, Quebec, Can.—loss $10,000.

***. Aug. 7: Prof. Pike, tried at Chicago, Ill., for the murder of S. S. Jones of *The Religio-Philosophical Journal*, was acquitted on the ground of insanity.....John E. Dally, a stock-broker, was shot dead by Leslie C. Hanks, Consul-general for Guatemala, at San Francisco, Cal.....John R. Graham, a commercial-traveler, committed suicide in this city by cutting his throat.....Jacob Federlein, a resident of Yonkers, was stabbed and perhaps mortally wounded at Rockaway Beach, L. I., on the 5th.....Andrew Beck of this city killed himself with a dose of carbolic acid.....John Murphy, a coachman, was assaulted and perhaps fatally injured at Long Branch, N. J.—A Cable news: Two Russian battalions were defeated by one thousand Karapack horsemen at Demircapon. The trial of Redif and Abdul Kerim Pashas commenced at Constantinople. The Bosnian insurrection was at an end, and the insurgents were being driven to the islands in the Adriatic. The Turks threatened to bombard Volo, in Greece, on the first sign of insurrection. American residents at Rome sent a congratulatory address to ex-President Grant, who had arrived at Bellagio, Italy.....Fires: B. S. Benson's shoe-store, at Bingham-ton, N. Y.—loss $40,000; insured for $20,000; Hoyt's establishment, at Foster's, O.—loss $15,000; J. W. Fettingill & Co.'s building at East Cambridge, Mass.—loss $20,000; insured for $15,000.....At Newport, O., Barney Coyne, aged 12, was shot dead by Henry Green, a hired hand on a farm from which he and others were pulling green melons.....Fatal casualties: Charles F. Crouse was fatally hurt by a tile-machine falling on him at Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. J. Waltz of Avilla, Ind., was thrown from a carriage, receiving fatal injuries; Everett Avery of Bourbon, Ind., died from the effects of injuries received during a game of ball.....Peter Gehagan and his wife were drowned at Parsons, Kansas, by the upsetting of a wagon in the river.....Jacob Kuhn lost his life in a similar manner at Chicago, Ill.

***. Aug. 8: Leslie C. Hanks, the murderer of John Dally, shot and killed himself in a cell in San Francisco, Cal.....Thomas Campbell, who was to have been hanged at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the 9th, was respited until Sept. 10.....Charles Fry was beaten to death by Henry Coe, at Alexandria, Ont.....Charles Voelmic was knocked down and killed by William Henry Stadleder, at Miss.—Miss T. Burke, a wealthy lady of Cleveland, O., drowned herself at Providence, R. I.....Twelve persons were injured by a railroad accident near Centerview, Mo.....The Conservative Convention met and organized in Virginia, the proceedings being very disorderly.....Gen. Giuseppe Garibaldi died at Como, in Italy.....A man named Norville, aged 75, hung himself at Whitby, Ont.....Miss Lillie Lohman of Jersey City, N. J., made a probably successful attempt at suicide, because of the disagreeable actions of her mother.....Fires: Edward Gadd's livery stable and wagon-shop, and four dwellings, at Baltic, Ct.—loss $8,000, insured for $6,000; seven buildings in the business part of Aylmer, Ont.; the Museum building, Manchester, N. H.—loss $6,000.

***. Aug. 9: Gov. Connor was renominated by the Ohio Republicans. The Convention adopted resolutions expressing alarm at the consolidation of the South and suppression of free political action, and favoring specie payments and civil-service reform. Ex-Gov. Chamberlain offered a resolution commending Hayes' Southern policy, and Mr. Bolton Mouton drew the dead-line, which Mr. Blaine opposed both, in the interest of peace and harmony, and the resolutions were tabled.....The Georgia Constitutional Convention adopted a resolution favoring repudiation....A passenger train to Long Branch ran off the drawbridge at Oceanport, N. J., over sixty persons being injured.....James T. Kilfoil, a prominent citizen and Mason, was drowned while bathing at Troy, N.Y.....Ella Dee Noce was killed by lightning at Hulett's landing, Lake George, N. Y.....A reunion of Free-soilers was held at Downer's Landing, Boston Harbor, Mass. Speeches were delivered by Samuel Downer, Charles Francis Adams, Judge Hoar and others.....Mary Williamsburg, Williamsburg, L. I., committed suicide by taking Paris-green.....An attempt to surrender six of the Mayor's late posse to the mob of striking miners at Scranton, Pa., on a writ of commitment, was prevented by the military.....Fires: two blocks, chiefly frame buildings, at Oakland, Alameda County, Cal.—loss about $150,000, insured for $40,000; Undersinger's drug-store, Sintlinger's market and adjoining property, at Sedamville, O. — loss $15,000; the residence of W. M. Keith, cashier of the First National Bank, Whitehall, N. Y.....At San Francisco, Cal., Cadet Northrup of the West Point Military Academy was drowned while bathing in the Hudson on the 5th.....Foreign news: The Turks were reported to have burned a hospital at Ezki Saghra in which were 800 sick. The steamship Frigarifique had arrived at Rouen, France, from the River Plate, S. A., with a cargo of meat in fine condition; 112 days had elapsed since she commenced loading.....John O'Brien, aged 36, was found dead in a yard in this city. Foul play was suspected.....Thomas Fitzgerald was reported to have fatally stabbed his wife at Fall River, Mass.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ANDERSON, David—About ten years ago a member of the lower house of the New Jersey Legislature. He had also served in the Common Council of Newark, N. J., and was at one time president of the Police Commission of that city—there, Aug. 6, aged about 59.

ANTHONY, Hon. Allard—A leading Republican of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He was a prominent member of the Dutchess County bar, and was elected District-attorney twice and Judge once. Suddenly —Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Aug. 12.

ANTRIM, Richard B.—Of the conveyancing firm of Antrim & Boring, Philadelphia—there, Aug. 7, aged 53.

BAKER, Rev. Gardner—A minister well known throughout this country. Suddenly—Thousand Island Park, St. Lawrence River, Aug. 12.

BARTON, George C.—As a Republican politician, prominent in the Fifth Ward of Philadelphia—there, Aug. 6, aged 38.

BAYLES, John C.—A native of this State, and a veteran of the War of 1812—Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 4, aged 81.

BENNETT, M. Greer—An employe of the American Steamship Co., Philadelphia. Drowned at Sea Grove—Aug. 9, aged 20.

BENTLEY, David B.—One of the managers of Monument Cemetery, Philadelphia, and an active member of the Thirteenth Ward Union League—that city, Aug. 8, aged 59.

BLAKELAND, Capt. James—Of the firm of Borland & Co., and one of the oldest shipmasters in this port. About twenty years ago he commanded the well-known packet-ship Sandusky, which is still running—this vicinity, Aug. 9, aged about 65.

BURKE, Miss E. T.—A wealthy resident of Cleveland, O. Supposed to have committed suicide by drowning—Providence, R. I., Aug. 8.

BRADLEY, Lieut. James H.—U. S. Army. (See Capt. William Logan.)

CAREY, Mary A.—Wife of ex-Assemblyman John Carey—this city, Aug. 12, aged 32.

CLARK, Rev. W. H.—Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Augusta, Ga. He was born in Cheshire, Ct., and was the son of an Episcopal clergyman. Having been graduated from Yale College and from the General Theological Seminary of this city, an early portion of his ministerial career was passed in Maryland. Most of it, however, was passed in the South, he having accepted the rectorship of St. Paul's, Augusta, in 1861. Died of paralysis while at the bedside of a parishioner who had just breathed his last—Augusta, Aug. 10, aged about 52.

CONRAD, Timothy Abbott—A geologist of note, and author of a number of scientific works. He was a member of the Imperial Society of Natural History of Moscow, Russia. Born in New Jersey —Trenton, N. J., Aug. 8, aged 73.

COOK, Robert H. L.—Of Staunton, Va., and father of Rev. William H. Cook, pastor of St. John's Church, Babylon, L. I. Drowned while boating—Fire Island, L. I., Aug. 11, aged 68.

DEVOE, Leander—Of Co. H, Thirteenth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 11.

GAVRILOVITCH, John—A Servian statesman—death announced by cable on Aug. 13.

GRADY, John A.—Formerly bookkeeper for the firm of Legrand Lockwood & Co., and in 1873-4 Comptroller of the city of Hoboken, N. J.—there, Aug. 11, aged 36.

HENWOOD, Harold—For many years principal manager of the Jersey City Tobacco Inspection. He was a devout Catholic, and, besides contributing to the erection of St. Michael's Church, Jersey City, N. J., donated the site of the prospective Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum there—Naples, Italy, Aug. 10.

HORSFORD, Arthur John—An English artist of note, who came to this country with Charles Fechter the actor in 1869, and had of late been employed as a scenic artist in theatres. His picture of Lady Teazle evoked commendation at the London Academy's Exhibition of 1867—this city, Aug. 8, aged 40.

HARRISON, Captain—Of the Cunard line steamship Siberia—East Boston, Mass., Aug. 13.

KIERSTEAD, Major Isaac—A veteran of the War of 1812, and an old resident of Brookdale, N. J.—there, Aug. 4, aged 82.

KING, Griffith—Of Paterson, N. J. He was the original foreman in the duck-mill established by the Colts, the death of one of whom was announced in these columns a short time ago. He was also an ex-Alderman of Paterson, and during the panic of 1857 was chairman of its Poor Committee—Paterson, Aug. 10, aged 63.

LAMBERT, Capt. Frederick M.—For more than thirty years favorably known as commander of London and Glasgow packets—Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 9.

LEONHARDT, Theodore—Senior member of the lithographic firm of Leonhardt & Son, Philadelphia—there, Aug. 9, aged 58.

LEVY, David C.—Father of Mrs. General Collis of Philadelphia, and for thirty years an active member of the Board of Brokers of that city—while temporarily in New Hampshire, Aug. 7.

LOVENZ, George—A native of Alsatia, Germany, but for many years past a brewer in Newark, N. J. He was also identified with Freemasonry and with various educational and benevolent societies, and served a term in the Common Council of Newark, N. J., about ten years ago—there, Aug. 10.

LAZENSBY, Rev. C.—Drowned at Plattsville, Ont., Canada, Aug. 11.

LOGAN, Capt. William—U. S. Army. Killed in battle with the Nez Perces Indians, as also was Lieut. James H. Bradley—Big Hole River, M. T., Aug. 9.

MCCARTHY, Rev. Patrick—Pastor of the Catholic Church of the Holy Cross of this city. He was an unceasing worker, and his labors in behalf of the poor will ensure to be long remembered—this city, Aug. 7, aged 50.

MORRIS, Prof. Oran W.—Librarian of the Cooper Union, and father of Dr. Moreau Morris of this city. He was a member of the Historical Society, the Lyceum of Natural History, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Ethnological Society, and was also a lecturer and writer upon scientific subjects. He was a descendant of Robert Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and was born in Ames, Montgomery County, this State. Not long after reaching his majority he became the principal of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, near Albany, N. Y. In 1832 he moved to this city, and from that time until 1869, with an intermission of two years, was a professor in the N. Y. Deaf and Dumb Asylum. He resigned that post to become Librarian of the Cooper Union—this city, Aug. 11, aged 80.

MULLEN, Rev. Father—Pastor of the Catholic Church of St. Thomas, at Fairfield, Ct. He was a native of Manchester, Ct., and was formerly curate of St. Augustine's Church, Bridgeport, Ct. Suddenly—Fairfield, Aug. 5, aged 32.

NOLAN, Capt. L. P.—Of the Pacific-mail service. Died while superintending the wreck of the steamer San Francisco—Acapulco, July 27.

NORVAL, William J.—Of the N. Y. Caledonian Club. Drowned—Catskill, N. Y., Aug. 10, aged 19.

PEVEAR, Mary—Wife of Warren E. Pevear, and daughter of the late Captain C. Hunter of Philadelphia—Hornellsville, N. Y., Aug. 10.

QUIGLEY, John—Of Harlem, N. Y., and a member of the Clipper Baseball Club of that place. Died of injuries received recently in playing ball at Wappinger's Falls, N. Y.—Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Aug. 12.

SANBORN, Prof. Hiram M.—Ex-Director of Education in Jersey City, and at the time of his death principal of a grammar school in this city—Tamworth, Ark., Aug. 8.

SLOAT, Sarah B.—Relict of Jacob Sloat, founder of Sloatsville, N. Y.—Elmira, N. Y., Aug. 6, aged 75.

TURNBULL, Dr. John W.—East Orange, N. J., Aug. 11, aged 60.

THORNTON, Mrs. Frank A.—Eldest daughter of John T. Ford, theatrical manager in Baltimore and Washington, D. C. (See Drama)—near Washington, D. C., Aug. 9.

VAN BEUREN, Jane A.—Widow of H. S. Van Beuren, and daughter of the late Rev. J. Romeyn, D. D.—Westfield, N. J., Aug. 7.

WOOSTER, Dr. Joseph—Father of Dr. Willard Parker Wooster, and for about half a century a practicing physician in this city. He was prominent as a Freemason, and conspicuous for his judicious charities—this city, Aug. 7, aged 74.

THE FINAL GAME of the home-and-home quoit-match between David Haddow of Westmuir and George Graham of London, for the twenty one-yards championship and £100 a side, both sets up each game. The score of the most points in the two games to win, took place at Glasgow, Scotland, July 30. After playing fifty-nine ends, the score stood at 75 to 35, Haddow being 22 points ahead. This advantage, coupled with the 27 points in hand from the first game, gave the Scotchman the match. The winner played with the same quoits as in the London game, while on this occasion Graham's quoits were one pound lighter.

HANDBALL IN NEW JERSEY.—An interesting game of handball was played at Wilkinson's Court, Paterson, N. J., on the 6th inst., for $25 a side, between Arty Fitzgerald of Paterson and Michael Wynn of Passaic against Francis Train of Paterson and Francis Train Jr. of Passaic, best three in five games. It was won by the Trains by the following scores: 21-18, 17-21, 21-19, 21-18. A match for $20 a side will be played between H. Barckley and H. Dunphy against Arty Fitzgerald and Francis Train Jr., all of Paterson, on the 15th, and on the 16th Francis Train Sr. will play Messrs. Keefe and Whalen for $10 a side.

A HANDBALL MATCH for $50 a side was played by James Boylan and Richard Irwin at McQuade's Court, this city, on the 11th inst. The conditions were to play three games, the first of which was taken by Irwin by a score of 21 to 16, and the other two by Boylan, scoring 21 to 14 and 21 to 12.

THE FAT MAN'S ASSOCIATION will hold their eleventh annual clam-bake and dance at the Dorlon House, Gregory's Point, Norwalk, Ct., Aug. 23. P. Dorlon and A. F. Saunders will have the supervision of the feast, which will be proportionate to the capacities of these men of superlative avoir dupois.

AT THE MEETING of the Dublin (Ireland) Amateur Athletic Club Meeting, July 21, M. Davin eclipsed the "best on record" previously at slinging the 56lb weight, the distance covered being 30 feet 2 inches.

THE TUG-OF-WAR GAME, to take place at the Fall Meeting of the N. Y. A. C., Sept. 8, will be open to teams from any regularly organized association.

YANK ADAMS and Maurice Daly will please call or send for letters addressed to them in our care.

THE TURF.

SARATOGA RACES.

The first Summer meeting having terminated, the Saratoga Association gave two extra days' racing exclusively for horses that had not run elsewhere than at Saratoga since June 25,

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

LEAGUE CLUBS.

Aug. 16, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
Aug. 16, Cincinnati vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn, E. D.
Aug. 17, Cincinnati vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn, E. D.
Aug. 17, Louisville vs. Boston, at Brooklyn.
Aug. 18, Cincinnati vs. Boston, at Boston.
Aug. 18, Louisville vs. Boston, at Boston.
Aug. 21, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
Aug. 21, Cincinnati vs. Boston, at Boston.
Aug. 21, Louisville vs. Hartford, at Boston.
Aug. 23, Cincinnati vs. Boston, at Boston.
Aug. 23, Louisville vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn.

OTHER CLUBS.

Aug. 14, Hornell vs. Rochester, at Rochester, N. Y.
Aug. 14, 15, Indianapolis vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
Aug. 14, 15, Buckeye vs. Allegheny, at Columbus, O.
Aug. 15, Hornell vs. Avon, at Avon, N. Y.
Aug. 16, J. Brick vs. Morgan & Perry Nine, at W. Brighton, S. I.
Aug. 15, Live Oak vs. Beacon, at Lynn, Mass.
Aug. 15, Athletic vs. Alert, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 15, Defiance vs. Quickstep of Wilmington, at Phila.
Aug. 16, Athletic vs. Germantown, at Philadelphia.
Aug. 16, Rochester vs. Louisville, at Rochester.
Aug. 16, Stowe vs. Monitor of Waterbury, at Meriden, Ct.
Aug. 16, Hornell vs. Dansville, at Dansville, N. Y.
Aug. 16, Star vs. Nolley, at Greenville, N. J.
Aug. 16, Live Oak vs. Lowell, at Lynn.
Aug. 17, Monitchnal vs. Nolley, at Astoria, L. I.
Aug. 17, Ottumwa vs. Remington, at Davenport, Ia.
Aug. 17, Stowe vs. Haymaker, at New Haven, Ct.
Aug. 17, Arlington vs. Alaska, at West Brighton.
Aug. 17, Hornell vs. Dansville, at Dansville, N. Y.
Aug. 17, Columbia vs. Active, at Jersey City.
Aug. 17, Indianapolis vs. Allegheny, at Allegheny, Pa.
Aug. 17, 23, Rochester vs. Star of Syracuse, at Rochester.
Aug. 18, Stowe vs. Jefferson of Hartford, at Meriden.
Aug. 18, Arlington vs. Noisy, at Stapleton, S. I.
Aug. 18, Everett vs. Seneca, at Greenville.
Aug. 18, Nameless vs. Hudson, at Greenville.
Aug. 18, Orange vs. Chelsea, at Orange, N. J.
Aug. 19, Mohawk vs. Victoria, at Newtown, L. I.
Aug. 20, Rochester vs. Tecumseh, at Rochester.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP ARENA.

We have only space this week to give the several records of the principal championship contests of the country, which include the League-Association pennant race, that of the International Championship. In order to present a satisfactory one with all the Cincinnati Club games included, and the other without any of them.

	Boston.	Brooklyn.	Cincinnati.	Chicago.	Louisville.	St. Louis.	Games Won.
Boston	.....	4	5	7	4	7	27
Brooklyn	5	.....	4	4	3	3	22
Cincinnati	4	5	.....	4	4	5	27
Chicago	2	5	5	.....	2	4	23
Louisville	5	6	5	7	.....	5	28
St. Louis	2	6	4	5	4	.....	21
Games lost	18	27	19	27	17	27	135

By this it will be seen that while Louisville still retains the lead, with Boston in the second position and St. Louis third, Boston is but one winner to St. Louis and ahead of Chicago above include all up to Aug. 12.

In the International pennant race the record up to Aug. 12 shows Allegheny ahead, with Tecumseh second and the Rochesters third.

	Allegheny.	Buckeye.	Live Oak.	Manchester.	Maple Leaf.	Rochester.	Tecumseh.	Games Won.
Allegheny	.....	0	2	1	1	1	3	14
Buckeye	1	.....	1	0	1	0	1	4
Live Oak	0	1	.....	1	1	1	0	5
Manchester	1	2	1	.....	1	0	1	7
Maple Leaf	1	1	1	1	.....	0	1	8
Rochester	1	2	1	2	2	.....	2	12
Tecumseh	0	1	0	1	1	0	.....	6
Games lost	4	12	11	12	10	5	4	56

In the League Alliance arena the relative positions of the contesting nines up to Aug. 11 stood as follows:

	Indianapolis.	St. Paul.	Janesville.	Milwaukee.	Lowell.	Memphis.	Star.
Won.	19	15	11	11	10	10	6
Lost.	7	11	11	11	10	10	10
Pct.	.730	.577	.500	.500	.500	.500	.375

	Athletic.	Fairbank.	Fall River.	Chelsea.	Rhode Island.	Stars.
Won.	3	2	1	0	0	0
Lost.	1	2	2	2	2	2
Pct.	.750	.500	.333	.000	.000	.000

In the New York State championship—nominal title—the contending clubs are the Hartfords of Brooklyn, the Stars of Syracuse, the Clubs of Binghamton, the Livingstons of Genesee, and the Clubs of Auburn, Roch ester, Buffalo and Hornellsville, all of which have played games together to a more or less extent. The most prominent of the nines are those of Brooklyn, Syracuse, Rochester, Auburn and Binghamton. The Hartfords of Brooklyn have thus far only played three games of the series for the State championship, but will take a tour of the State, for the purpose of playing in a series of regular championship matches. We give the

	Auburn.	Buffalo.	Clyde.	Hartford.	Hornell.	Livingston.	Rochester.	Star.	Games Won.
Auburn	.....	0	0	4	0	0	4	0	9
Buffalo	0	.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Clyde	0	0	.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hartford	3	0	0	.....	0	0	2	0	10
Hornell	0	0	0	0	.....	0	0	0	0
Livingston	0	0	0	0	0	.....	0	0	0
Rochester	2	0	0	2	0	0	.....	0	4
Star	2	0	0	1	0	0	2	.....	6
Games lost	5	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	11

The Prospect Park championship record:

	Atlantic.	Baltic.	Eagle.	Empire.	Excelsior.	Independent.	Resolute.	Star.	Games Won.
Atlantic	.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	7
Baltic	0	.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Eagle	0	1	.....	0	0	0	0	0	1
Empire	0	1	1	.....	0	0	0	0	2
Excelsior	0	1	1	1	.....	0	0	0	3
Independent	0	1	1	1	1	.....	0	0	4
Resolute	0	1	1	1	1	1	.....	0	5
Star	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	.....	6
Games lost	0	6	5	5	4	3	2	1	26

	Osceola.	Hudson.	Nameless.	Witoka.	Chittenden.	Lasayette.	Series lost.
Osceola	.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hudson	1	.....	0	0	0	0	1
Nameless	1	1	.....	0	0	0	2
Witoka	1	1	1	.....	0	0	3
Chittenden	1	1	1	1	.....	0	4
Lasayette	1	1	1	1	1	.....	5
Series lost	5	5	5	5	5	5	.....

In case any club fails to play its series of games with all the clubs, all their games are thrown out.

AUBURN vs. ALLEGHENY.

The first appearance of the Auburn (N. Y.) Club in Alleghenys, Pa., was made on Aug. 10, and the result of their visit was the going back for the Alleghenys their beaten at the bat, though they did considerably the better fielding. They couldn't begin to do anything with Critchley's pitching, while Nolan was got onto with effect by the New Yorkers. The *Pittsburg Dispatch* says: "Each of the four errors made by the Alleghenys gave Auburn a run. On four separately arranged as to give our boys only three of their runs. The Alleghenies were weakened by the absence of Nelson, who met with an accident before the game commenced, while practicing. Very foolishly, he attempted to catch a hot-liner hit from Goodman with a bat with his nose. The nose was not strong enough, and it is now bigger than Jack's head. It was only with difficulty that he got it into his room last evening. It will be quite a day for accidents, and if at once assumed an inky hue; Manager Gaston got a hard week's rest in his crazy-bone with a broken bat; Holbert had his split hand reopened; and, finally, the umpire, Hart Pratt, was knocked down by a foul-tip, and subsequently hurt that he had to be suspended for some minutes."

ALLEGHENY.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McKelvy, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Williams, 3b.	1	1	2	0	1
Dolan, c. f.	0	1	0	4	0
Ryan, 1. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Manning, 1st b	0	0	5	0	0
Creamer, 2d b.	0	0	2	1	0
Galvin, p.	0	0	0	4	0
Holbert, c.	0	1	5	1	1
Fulmer, s. s.	0	0	1	2	1
Totals	3	4	27	12	3

AUBURN.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burns, 3d b.	3	1	1	2	1
Thomas, l. f.	3	1	1	0	0
Goodman, 1st b	0	0	10	0	1
Mansell, r. f.	3	0	1	0	0
Dunlap, 2d b	3	0	1	3	2
Macullar, s. s	1	0	1	3	2
Baker, c.	1	0	7	1	0
Keenan, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0
Critchley, p.	4	0	1	7	0
Totals	30	2	27	16	4

	Allegheny	Auburn
Passed balls—Keenan, 2; Williamson, 0. Out on strikes—Mansell, 1; Keenan, 1, and Critchley, 1. Strikes called—off Galvin, 20; Critchley, 35. Balls called—on Galvin, 11; Critchley, 29. Bases on called balls—Williamson, 1; Creamer, 1. Umpires, Mr. Dickson and Mr. Ryan. Time, 2h. 15m.		

ST. LOUIS vs. CINCINNATI.

On Saturday, Aug. 11, the Cincinnati Club reappeared in St. Louis, Mo., and submitted to another defeat by the Browns. The visitors fielded best, but the St. Louis nine did the harder hitting, Durgan especially distinguishing himself in the batter's position, but gave way to Booth in the third inning, his errors being numerous. The general playing was otherwise good, Meyerle doing finely at shortstop.

ST. LOUIS.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Durgan, c.	5	1	1	4	11	0
Clapp, r. f.	5	0	1	2	0	0
Meyerle, s. s.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Battin, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	3	1
Pabor, c. f.	4	0	1	4	0	0
Blong, p.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Dehiman, 1b	4	3	2	6	1	0
Totals	39	6	9	27	18	1

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Jaskel, r. f.	5	0	2	1	0	0
Shoupe, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	3	0
Bliss, s. s.	3	1	1	2	5	0
Arundel, c.	4	1	1	3	5	0
Bushong, c.	4	1	1	2	1	0
Brooks, 1st b	4	1	1	13	0	2
Morrissey, 3d b	4	0	1	1	2	0
Cantillon, l. f.	4	0	2	1	0	0
Totals	36	3	9	27	16	2

	St. Louis	Cincinnati
Runs earned—St. Louis, 2. Bases on called balls—St. Louis, 1; Cincinnati, 2. Two-base hit—Meyerle, 1. Three-base hit—Durgan, 1. Left on bases—St. Louis, 5; Cincinnati, 6. Umpire, Charles Boles. Time, 2h. 20m.		

MAPLE LEAF vs. MANHATTAN.

On Thursday, Aug. 9, the Manchester and Maple Leafs played on the ground of the latter, at Guelph, Ont., their 3-in for the Leafs.

MAPLE LEAF.	T.	K.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Smith, 1. f.	3	2	1	0	0	0
Wright, p.	4	1	1	0	4	0
Dion, s. s.	4	2	2	1	4	1
Dugan, 2b.	4	1	1	2	3	1
Laphan, 3b.	4	1	1	1	2	1
Quinton, c.	4	0	1	10	2	0
Gillespie, 3b.	4	0	0	2	2	0
Ellis, r. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Jackson, c. f.	5	0	2	0	0	0
Totals	38	6	11	27	17	3

MANCHESTER.	T.	K.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kelly, c.	4	0	3	5	1	2
Kelly, s.	4	0	1	1	5	0
Woodin, 3b.	4	0	0	1	2	1
Cogswell, lb.	5	0	1	9	0	1
Walker, r. f.	4	0	1	1	1	1
Gallagher, l. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
O'Rourke, c. f.	4	1	1	2	0	0
West, 2d b.	4	0	0	2	2	0
Sauge, p.	4	0	0	0	2	2
Totals	38	5	7	27	14	8

	Maple Leaf	Manchester
Struck out—off Smith, 4; Snieg, 1. Strikes called—off Smith, 40; Snieg, 23. Balls called—on Smith, 23; Snieg, 14. Passed balls—Quinton, 2; Kelly, 2. Earned runs—London B. B. C. Time, 2h.		

ROCHESTER vs. BUFFALO.

It will be remembered that in the first game between the Rochesters and the newly-organized Buffalo Club, played Aug. 3, the result was a draw at the end of ten innings, neither side having made a run. On the 6th they encountered each other again, when the Buffaloes failed to equal expectations, and were badly beaten.

ROCHESTER.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brady, 3d b.	1	1	1	3	1
Oakley, 2d b.	3	1	3	1	0
Luff, 1st b.	3	1	3	1	0
Furroy, r. f.	2	1	11	0	1
Hayes, c.	1	2	12	0	0
Shattuck, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Kennedy, c. f.	0	0	0	1	0
Upper, l. f.	1	1	3	0	0
Rykalow, p.	0	0	2	1	0
Totals	11	7	39	7	2

BUFFALO.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Corcoran, p.	0	0	0	4	3
Dillon, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Heifert, 1st b.	0	2	12	0	0
Purcell, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Fouser, 2d b.	0	0	4	2	1
Smith, 3d b.	0	0	1	4	2
Donovan, s. s.	0	1	0	1	0
Fields, c.	0	0	9	1	0
Purrington, c. f.	0	0	4	4	5
Totals	0	4	27	20	18

	Rochester	Buffalo
Earned runs—Rochester, 2. Umpire, W. J. Miller. Time, 2h. 15m.		

BUFF CITY vs. ACTIVE.

The Bluff City of Elgin, Ill., and Active of Clinton, Ia., played at Elgin Aug. 9 in this result:

B. CITY.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Clark, 2d b.	4	1	0	1	3	0
Keers, s. s.	4	0	0	2	4	0
Abbott, 3d b.	4	0	1	2	2	3
Black, c.	4	0	1	2	2	3
Kemmler, c.	4	2	1	10	0	3
Fagan, r. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Vail, c. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Mitchell, l. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Totals	36	5	5	24	12	9

ACTIVE.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dickson, 1b.	4	1	1	13	2	0
Farrell, s. s.	4	0	1	2	1	1
Taylor, p.	4	0	1	1	5	3
Ross, 3d b.	4	1	1	2	1	2
Zimmerman, 2d b.	4	0	1	0	4	1
Wirman, c. f.	4	1	1	0	1	0
Semmers, l f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Monroe, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	36	3	6	27	16	7

	Bluff City	Active
Earned runs—Bluff City, 1. Bases on called balls—Bluff City, 2; Active, 2. Struck out—Bluff City, 2; Active, 2. Passed balls—Kemmler, 2; Taylor, 2. Double-plays—Abbott and Bullard, 1; Farrell and Dickson, 1. Umpire, Ty Tuell. Time, 1h. 45.		

FALL RIVER vs. RHODE ISLAND.

Another game in the championship series between these clubs was contested at Fall River, Mass., Aug. 11, the home team excelling in play at all points and winning as an underdog.

FALL RIVER.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Libby, 1st b.	0	1	13	1	0
Mack, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Hanlon, c.	0	0	0	1	0
Canary, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Guthrie, s. s.	0	0	1	3	1
Hackett, 3d b.	0	0	0	2	0
Rowen, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Smith, c.	0	1	3	4	0
Carpenter, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	0	3	27	16	5

RHODE ISLAND.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Schaefer, 3d b.	0	0	1	2	1
Sweasy, lb.	0	0	6	2	0
Pearce, s.	0	0	2	2	0
Bolton, c.	0	0	5	2	0
Stone, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Firth, 1st b.	0	0	0	0	0
Evans, c. f.	0	0	0	1	0
Pearson, r. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Dungan, p.	0	0	0	3	1
Totals	0	0	15	12	3

	Fall River	Rhode Island
Earned runs—Rhode Island, 1. First base on errors—Fall River, 4; Rhode Island, 3. Strikes called—off Mack, 5; Cory, 8. Balls called—on Rhode Island, 17; Larkin, 12. Passed balls—Hanlon and Firth. Umpire, Y. Berger. Time, 1h. 30m.		

LIVE OAK vs. FALL RIVER.

These Massachusetts teams met at Lynn Aug. 10, and after playing nine innings the score stood 3 to 3 and the Fall Rivers refused to continue play, and the umpire decided the game against them by a score of 9 to 0:

LIVE OAK.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Libby, 1st b.	4	0	1	11	0	1
Mack, p.	4	1	0	0	5	0
Hanlon, 3d b	4	1	0	1	3	2
Canary, r. f.	4	0	1	3	0	0
Mutrie, s. s.	4	0	0	3	0	2
Hackett, 2b.	4	0	2	2	3	0
Rowen, c. f.	4	0	2	2	0	0
Smith, c.	3	0	1	7	2	0
Carp'ter, c. f.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	34	3	8	30	13	5

FALL RIVER.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Libby, 1st b.	4	0	0	10	2	1
Mason, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Kenney, c.	4	0	1	1	8	0
Canary, r. f.	4	2	2	0	0	0
Reilly, s. s.	4	0	0	2	3	1
Fogarty, lb.	4	1	1	9	0	0
Thompson, c.	4	0	0	4	2	0
Schaff, s. s.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Hildebrand, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Smith, 1st b.	0	0	15	0	2	0
Totals	4	1	27	14	9	

	Live Oak	Fall River
Earned runs—Live Oak, 2. Fall River, 1. First base on errors—Live Oak, 3; Fall River, 6. Passed ballsHanlon, 1; Smith, 1. Struck out—Live Oak, 2. Two-base hit—Mason, 1. Umpire, Henry Murphy of Lynn. Time, 2h.		

ORANGE vs. RESOLUTE.

A ten-inning game was contested at Orange, N. J., on the above clubs Aug. 11, the Elizabethans being sc by their opponents, hard hitting being the result:

ORANGE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wheatley, r. f.	3	1	1	0	0
McGee, 3b.	2	1	0	2	0
Brown, p.	2	2	2	2	1
Smullen, s. s.	1	1	2	2	1
Sinclair, c.	0	0	12	3	1
Smith, 3d b.	0	0	1	4	2
Platt, 1st b.	0	0	11	1	0
Shanley, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	7	5	30	14	5

RESOLUTE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Duffy, s. s.	0	0	0	4	2
Farrow, r. f.	0	0	4	3	0
Austin, c. f.	0	1	2	3	1
Hamilton, c.	0	1	10	1	0
Freeman, p.	0	1	0	1	0
Ricker, c.	0	0	2	0	2
Dolan, 3d b.	0	0	0	2	0
Campbell, 1st b.	0	0	2	0	0
Nuttmann, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	0	3	21	14	5

	Orange	Resolute
First base by errors—Orange, 3; Resolute, 4. Runs earned—Orange, 2. Umpire, W. J. Miller. Time, 2h. 15m.		

BUFF CITY vs. ACTIVE.

The Bluff City of Elgin, Ill., and Active of Clinton, Ia., played at Elgin Aug. 9 in this result:

B. CITY.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Clark, 2d b.	4	1	0	1	3	0
Keers, s. s.	4	0	0	2	4	0
Abbott, 3d b.	4	0	1	2	2	3
Black, c.	4	0	1	2	2	3
Kemmler, c.	4	2	1	10	0	3
Fagan, r. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Vail, c. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Mitchell, l. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Totals	36	5	5	24	12	9

ACTIVE.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dickson, 1b.	4	1	1	13	2	0
Farrell, s. s.	4	0	1	2	1	1
Taylor, p.	4	0	1	1	5	3
Ross, 3d b.	4	1	1	2	1	2
Zimmerman, 2d b.	4	0	1	0	4	1
Wirman, c. f.	4	1	1	0	1	0
Semmers, l f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Monroe, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	36	3	6	27	16	7

	Bluff City	Active
Earned runs—Bluff City, 1. Bases on called balls—Bluff City, 2; Active, 2. Struck out—Bluff City, 2; Active, 2. Passed balls—Kemmler, 2; Taylor, 2. Double-plays—Abbott and Bullard, 1; Farrell and Dickson, 1. Umpire, Ty Tuell. Time, 1h. 45.		

EXCELSIOR vs. BALTIMORE.

The second championship game between the Excelsiors and Baltimores was played in Baltimore, Md., Aug. 10, and resulted in a handsome victory for the former after a fine exhibition of fielding, but a poor display at the bat by both clubs. The features of the game were the catching of Stewart and Welch, the pitching of Sweasy and Haddock, and the fine fielding of Scharff, Smith and Hodges. Morgan, Smith and Fraser. Up to the ninth inning the play of the Baltimoreans was almost faultless. After one man making a brilliant stop while on a dead run—gave Tucker a life, and a series of errors following, sandwiched by base-hits, put out, 41; assists, 45; errors, 0.....The Terre Haute (Ind.) Baseball Association was organized Aug. 5. D. J. Stunkard, vice president; W. D. Ernst, secretary; W. H. Truesdale, treasurer; Horace M. Smith, manager. The Association would like to hear from all clubs going West. Address H. M. Smith, Terre Haute, Ind.....An amateur nine has been formed at Evansville, Ind., and is known as the Blue Stockings. They played their opening game with the Pinkies of Independence Aug. 5, and won by a score of 15 to 4.....The nine of the Patterson (N. J.) Club are M. Quigley, c.; M. Fallon, p.; P. Chadwick, s. s.; S. Hall, 1st b.; J. Zeluff, 2d b.; Rhue, r. f. The club plays on inclosed grounds that are free from the Orange, Clipper, Enterprise, Chelsea and all other amateur clubs. Address P. C., Arlington, 386 Main street, Paterson, N. J.....6, at West Point, Miss., Wilbon beat the Wyzant, 13 to 10; 7, at Norwalk, Ct., Hyatt's Stars beat the lines, winning the game and first prize by 7 to 5; 8, at Syracuse, N. Y., Lafayette vs. Buckeye, 13 to 4; Monticello vs. Atlantic, 22 to 9; Gaskins played on the 11th: In Brooklyn, L. I., Winona vs. Hudson, 31 to 11; Vernon vs. Resolute, 24 to 8; Waverly vs. Sylvan Star, 34 to 5; Canyonan, 34 to 7; Manhattan vs. Star, 16 to 19; Montauk Jr. vs. Fulton Jr., 11 to 5; Active vs. Farmington, 20 to 9; Star vs. Union, 23 to 13; Young Meteor vs. Independent, 34 to 13; Alpha vs. Phantom, 14 to 11; Quickstep vs. Clinton, 12 to 7; Nassau vs. Hudson, 56 to 7; Hornet vs. Columbia, 14 to 13; Lower Star & Co. vs. Farmiture, 21 to 19.....In Manchester: At Natick, Natick vs. Lincoln, 13 to 6; at Rockland, King Philip vs. Resolute, 18 to 2; at Groveland, Sheridan vs. Groveland, 9 to 7; at Medway, Kearney vs. General Worth, 11 to 7; at Newtonville, Mutual vs. Newtonville, 14 to 4; at Cambridge, Old Cambridge vs. Riverside, 11 to 9; at Braintree, South Braintree vs. North Braintree, 11 to 2; at Bridgewater, Bridgewater vs. East Bridgewater, 11 to 10; North Leximgt-n, Laurel vs. Eben Hill, 10 to 17; at Medfield, Unions vs. Mount Hollis, 12 to 9; at Westboro vs. Milford, 24 to 15; at Ipswich, Montgomery vs. Young America, 9 to 10; at West Roxbury, Me., Live Oak of Sanford vs. Atlantic House, 11 to 4; at South Hanover, Rogers vs. Danbury vs. Clipper, 13 to 5; at Jersey City, N. J., Columbia vs. Richmond, 12 to 7.....at Washington, D. C., Asoria vs. National, Richmond, 25 to 3; at Guelph, Ont., Manchester vs. Maple Leaf, 5 to 4; at Sussex, N. B., Rescolute of Moncton vs. Club vs. Red Stockings, 16 to 12.....The Cricketers of Bingham ton, N. Y., have won 33 games out of 40 played.....The Rotaus of Paterson played with the Resolutes and Elizabeth, on the Olympic grounds, at Paterson, N. J., 9 to 4, before an attendance of 1,000. The receipts were divided, when the game stopped. The Resolutes were guaranteed their expenses, which were $15; but, the game meeting that reaching that point, they were compelled to accept $2.50 each.....On the 16th, the Olympics of Paterson defeated the Newarks by a score of 16 to 8.....W. J. De Lawrence, formerly of the Olympics, but now residing in Jersey City, has been admitted to the legal bar, has decided not to enter the field this year.....The reorganized Athletes of Washington Heights, N. Y., appeared in the field in uniforms on the 13th, against the Down-town Amateurs, whom they defeated in seven innings by a score of 36 to 4.....The Alerts of Jersey City defeated the Athletes of old. The sustaining the defeat was the fact that the latter would be pleased to hear from the Actives, Quickstep, Mt. Vernon, Witoka, Nameless, Hudson, Orange, Orange, N. J., Star clubs in general.....Communications may be addressed to Samuel Crosby, secretary, 326 West 13th street, N. Y.....At Baltimore, Md., Baltimore, 13 to 9; at Passaic, N. J., Forrest vs. St. Elmo, 23 to 7; at Paterson, N. J., Paterson vs. Olympic of Lodia, 19 to 12, at Rochester, N. Y.; Rochester vs. Manchester, 2 to 0.

THE OUR BOYS OF BOSTON.

The manager of the Our Boys Club of Cincinnati, O., takes exception in the following communication to certain statements recently made in regard to the Our Boys of the Hub:

EDITOR CLIPPER: Permit me, through your columns, to reply to some of the false assertions made by the correspondent who last week wrote to you concerning the Our Boys of the B. C. of Boston. He says: "They have not more games than they can attend to." Now, I would like to know who is the management which did any of the clubs of said name. Mr. Munroe & Co.'s management, for the reason that they were not able to get either, and at no time did any more games than any other Our Boys club, be it Philadelphia have each given special prizes, but they have always "Get by some mysterious proceedings" have never received any prize. In the case when the Boston Our Boys were awarded second prize in preference to the Philadelphias, for the same living only additionally belonged. Considering the close shave they had to get even second prize, then "the when Gray says about first prize at this late day. At least, so it seems to me. TOMMY P. BENNIN,

Manager Our Boys B. B. C. of Cincinnati, Champion Our Boys of 1876.

LOUISVILLE VS. CHICAGO.—A game which was well contested on the part of the visitors, but very loosely played afterwards, took place at Louisville, Ky., on Aug. 11, the Louisville Club winning:

Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	1—6
Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

First base on errors—Louisville, 4; Louisville, 4. Left on bases—Chicago, 7; Louisville, 4. Passed balls—Casey, 3; Snyder, 1. Struck out—Snyder, 1. Bases on called balls—Louisville, 1. Umpire, Stambury. Time, 2h.

THE ATHLETICS and Syracuse Stars were announced to play on the

THE DEATH OF LION JIM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

In relating what I knows about
The death of Lion Jim,
I wishes for to be as brief
As Hamlet was with him;
For Hamlet was the elephant
What Jim he sought to chaff,
And be occupied, in chewing James,
Two minutes and a half.

Now, the way in which it happened was
About in this yere style:
The business Lion Jim pursued
Was that of ministle-
Attendant in the circus, and
His duty was to feed
The lions and the elephants,
And give 'em what they need.

There never lived a gentler nor
A more obliging cuss—
The animiles they loved him, and
The hippopotamus
Was restless and uneasy like
When Jim was not in sight,
While even the rhinocerous
Beheld him with delight.

And as for Hamlet—not his trunk
Was half as dear as Jim;
He loved him like a brother, and
He wagged his tail for him;

He often took him on his back
Without exciting fear,
And when the days were hottest he
Would fan him with his ear.

I hold it was a shameful thing
That anybody should
Attempt to play a joke upon
An animile so good,
And yet a man an apple gave
To Lion Jim, he did,
And in that apple, cunningly,
A piece of soap was hid.

Then unto Hamlet Jim he gave
That apple for to eat:
The elephant he took it and
He found it wasn't sweet;
And he gazed a moment sadly at
The face of Lion Jim,
And then he seized him in his trunk
And made a meal of him!

And this is all I knows about
The death of Lion Jim:
I've tried my best to be as brief
As Hamlet was with him;
And all I've got to add to this—
That nobody can hope
To win an elephant's esteem
By feeding of him soap!

WHEN NINA WAS BULLDOZED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In Campbell County, Virginia, there dwelt a family named Nolan, whose chief occupation was the raising of stock and a human generation, having no fewer than twenty-three children—twenty-two girls, and a boy who was lonely in such company. This fact is stated to show that the teachings of females do not educate a young man for active service among the landsharks of a wicked world, and the case of Jimmy Nolan is one in point. Now, those numerous sisters insisted on calling Mr. James Nolan—the heir-presumptive to a noble estate—Jimmy for short; and what he did not know about the vanity and deceit secrets of the gentler sex was not worth knowing, but he really knew nothing in regard to the realities of life, although on stray occasions his father would instruct him in the mysteries of horse-raising and of turning a jack from the bottom. Yet while Nolan *pere* would talk about straight poker, his own education was so sadly neglected in that highly useful and honored art that he could not possibly impart a single idea to Jimmy, except that it was played with five cards, and sometimes with six, providing the holder was cute enough to hide the strange one. Still that happy family, including the twenty-two angels, thought with one mind that Jimmy was the pink of real smartness, and that "nobody could hold a candle to him."

As a further proof of their confidence in the pride of the household, it was with feelings of delight that Jimmy one night heard the order given for him to scare up a flock of sheep the next day, drive them to Richmond, and, after receiving their value in money from a Wild butcher of those days, to return home. The poor boy had no peace during the remainder of that night, for the blossoms of the family all wanted ribbon and other things, and he had to make twenty-two distinct promises that such requests would not be forgotten; but, to make sure, his eldest sister, a Pawnee *in-ter-loded* ribbon on his finger as a reminder to each, and when Jimmy started off next morning his sheep in good shape, and with the assistance of his dog Rino, he mounted his horse, feeling a little bit prouder than if he were President, and accepted the immense responsibility attached to such a great undertaking. Just as he was about to start on his grand march, Mrs. Nolan whispered in his ear not to forget that "Oolong tea." But the old man had the last say, and this is what he said:

"Jimmy, my son, I have entrusted you with a great responsibility. See that you don't abuse it. Pick your steps carefully wherever you go, and let your weather-eye be constantly open, for no doubt Wild will take you around the sights a-and if you should play any pranks, flip the jack as often as you can without creating suspicion, but don't touch poker, for it is dangerous—I've been there. Good-bye, my boy, and take care of yourself."

This advice was very affecting, and Jimmy's mind was so impressed by it that he resolved to find out how they did it at poker just so soon as he sold his sheep; and all through his tedious march, while his lieutenant, Rino, took care of the lambs and saw that none of them slipped off into a stray corner, Jimmy thought the matter over and came to the conclusion that, as he was pretty handy in raising a jack when necessity required it in a game of seven-up, it could be managed so that he would have a percentage in five-card poker.

While Jimmy was studying the arts and science, and the sheep were slowly plodding their way on their way to to Richmond, in the latter city the Fall races of 1853 were going on, and there was much excitement on account of the second victory of Nina. Her grand achievement, on Sept. 27, in beating Red Eye, at two-mile heats, gave her an honest reputation, and on Thursday, Oct. 6, she was entered for the Jockey Club Purse of $300, three-mile heats, having Talley's One-eyed Joe—him who fell in the well—and W. H. Gibbons' Trojan to contend against. The latter horse was a stranger in those parts, being better known in New Jersey; but the fact of Mr. Gibbons having him South to take part in the whole campaign made many people think he was a good one, while One-eyed Joe was looked on as a "fill-in," and Nina was peerless in the eyes of the majority, who made her a prime favorite, although it seemed a mile above her distance.

Fairfield seemed to suit the little mare, for on its track she was more than fortunate, and on this occasion she won the first heat easily in 5:50, distancing the representative of New Jersey. The second heat was looked upon as a certainty for her, as she could outfoot and outstay Joe from the well, and she was backed at five to one by her numerous admirers, among whom was Mr. Chas. Hunt, who vowed that, if Nina won this race, his last feminine daguerreotype of himself should be named after the game little mare. As for the heat, it was nothing to look at, for she just played with Joe; but the backers of the latter believed him to be the luckiest horse living, for his escape from the well was pure luck, and nearly all the races he ever won was caused by some hocus-pocus which might be called dumb luck. For instance: His race of a one-mile dash with Carolina, when it was a tan-yard to a shoe-string that she would win it, she had to get her foot in a hole, tumble over, and let him in first; and in this way people reasoned, for so firm was their belief in his good luck that they were dead sure something—they knew not what—would happen to give the race to lucky Joe. But this time they were doomed to disappointment, for Nina came on at her leisure, and won the second heat and the race in 5:54¼. She was now looked upon as a queen, and in her honor there was a christening the next night, which "Sperry" attended, and the young lady who was to be a queen in the race of life was called Nina, everybody present saying it was a fitting tribute to her, as one was as pretty as the other was fleet and docile.

In a few days after this, Jimmy Nolan and his sheep arrived in Richmond, and the lambs were handed over to the tender care of the Wild butcher, and their money value deposited in bank, payable to the order of James Nolan; and as the Broad-rock races commenced on the following week, Jimmy did not require much persuasion to remain until after the great four-mile race. This was his first visit to the capital of his native State, and, after attending to the wants and cares of his faithful lieutenant, Rino, Jimmy started off to take in everything of interest in and around Richmond, all of which can be seen in a few days. As he had no hankering after graveyards, tobacco factories, or monuments, his time during the morning hours was consumed on one of the many oyster-boats in Rocketts, consuming "York Rivers" or "Lynn Haven Bays," and regretting the naked fact that no boats could get up as far as Campbell County; but at night he was ever on the alert looking for that game of poker, which troubled him so much that he forgot all he promised his darling mother and twenty-two sisters. Meeting with Zack Wheelright, whom he had been introduced to in Lynchburg on an occasion when, in a match of billiards, Zack made an astonishing run of twenty—which caused a general handshaking, and a more general acquaintance for the aforesaid Zack—to him Jimmy made himself known, and together they took the rounds, at last falling in where a royal game of poker was in full blast, and into which Mr. Wheelright entered. This was all pie for Jimmy, for while his friend was warming up over pairs, threes, flushes, full hands and four of a kind, he was devouring all the knowledge he could gain about the game, and became satisfied that he had it down so fine that he would astonish the old man when he arrived home. The morning of the four-mile day, Oct. 13, 1853, was cool and bracing—just such weather as puts everybody in good spirits, and creates an excellent appetite, which Jimmy took advantage of by driving his friend Wheelright down to Rocketts, and punishing "fifty raw" before going out to the track. When they arrived at Maybridge, the scene ahead of them was one long string of wagons bound for the Broad-rock races. Inquiring the cause of so many going out, they were told that Nina was again about to try to get to the front in a four-mile-heat race; yet, having old Red Eye and Lawson to go against, the chances were against her winning. Now, Jimmy knew a little about horses, but of these three he knew nothing; and, to speak by the card, he had never seen a race before, for the scrub quarter-races he witnessed many a time near Lynchburg could not be called races. Nevertheless, being around and about horses all his life, he was naturally vain enough to think he knew a good horse when he saw one.

Arriving on the track, they found the betting even between Red Eye and Nina, and four to one against Lawson. Jimmy, like any other sensible young man, admired Nina, and wanted to see her win; but he was afraid of Red Eye, who looked strong after his rest since that memorable day in September; and as to Lawson, the country lad gave vent to his surprise in this wise:

"Mr. Wheelright, I cannot imagine what this horse is entered for. There is no possible chance of his winning, and I'll bet a hundred of sheep there are two horses on father's farm that can knock daylight out of this Lawson. There's something else in it, for certain, and I'll wait a while before I wager a cent. How are you going to bet, sir?"

"My opinion is exactly like yours; but if there is any funny work going on it will be all in favor of Red Eye, and I think it would show good judgment to back him from the jump."

Mr. Wheelright's opinion had the proper effect on Jimmy, and forthwith they sauntered in the betting-boxes, who were not hard to find, as there were many persons on that track who had faith in Nina beating any horse, or horses, any distance; and so she could, but the fact is that in this race she was bulldozed. Lawson was put in to count her out, and make a winner of Red Eye, thereby getting back some of the money lost on the great match in September.

The race commenced with an equal start, all three keeping in a bunch for the first mile, when Lawson fell back and Red Eye went to the front, with Nina close up. But the evil-eyed monster was as he never did before or after; and although at times a blanket could almost cover both, still she could not head him, and he came home winning the first heat in 7:46—remarkably fast time for him—Nina right behind him, and Lawson barely saving his distance. Before they started for the second heat it was observed that Lawson looked the least tired; and, when the word was given, away he jumped in the lead, Nina after him, and "Old Pizen" in the rear, taking it easy, which satisfied some people that Captain Belcher was saving Red Eye for the final heat, while Lawson was to tire out the little mare in this heat, if he finally passed him, and let the way home, the pushing her all the way, while Red Eye did not exert himself—not even once did that little tail play circus, and the voice of Del Raino was not heard; but as she passed under the string in 7:46¼, a cheer went up that made the welkin ring. Lawson, the second, and "Old Pizen" managed to clear the distance-flag with his kite. The jig was up. Lawson had done his share of the work, and twelve miles were almost too far for the pet of Richmond to go; but there were sporting men on the track who believed she could go it, and they bet even on their favorite winning the race. Nina did not show any distress, even if she felt it; Red Eye looked fresh as a rose, and acted as viciously as ever; while Lawson's bellows blowed terribly. Again all three started, but with the pace a little slower, and Nina held the lead until they entered the fourth mile, when Red Eye closed up, and, after a brief struggle, he passed her and won the third heat and the race in 7:49, proving that the little mare was tired out, although she was second in the race.

This was Nina's last race, as she immediately after took sick and was shaded all winter, where she has been ever since, and has proved in the stud that she is as good in breeding race-horses as she was in running races. During the war Red Eye went astray, and it is difficult to say what became of him, while the last seen of Lawson was in charging a fish-cart behind Jim. There was no illumination this night in honor of Nina. Jimmy Nolan and his friend Wheelright came to the city boiling over with enthusiasm, for they were winners; and for the first time since he sold the sheep the memory of his promises entered Jimmy's head, and he vowed to get the ribbons, Oolong tea, and other things on the morrow, and return home; but fate was cruel to him, for after supper he brought up the subject of poker, and was entertained by Wheelright until the last hand was played, about five o'clock on the morning, when, to his utter astonishment and discomfiture, he discovered that he was not only dead-broke, but had lost all the money in the hands of the bankers, giving Wheelright a check for the full amount. They played for several hours without either one of them being much the winner or loser; but the last hand was fatal, for Jimmy picked up four kings, which he was certain could not be beat in straight poker; but when the call came, two pair of aces showed up in front of those wretched kings, and a whole flock of sheep had gone the voyage.

The next morning Wheelright paid Jimmy's bill at the hotel, and, after letting him have some money as a loan, said:

"My dear boy, I kinder like you. Take my advice—never play poker again, for you don't know the value of a hand."

With this Mr. Wheelright departed, saying he had important business up the Valley. Poor Jimmy, left to himself, did not know what to do; but, getting his dog and horse, he rode down to Rockett's to get another mess, and on his way back, uncertain whether to go home or not, he stumbled up against his father, who was uneasy at his continued absence, and had come to Richmond in search of him. Open confession is good for the soul, it is said, and Jimmy felt greatly relieved after making a clean breast of the whole transaction. The horse was sold, and father, son, and Rino took passage on the packet-boat for Lynchburg, but not a single word passed between them on the trip. When they arrived home the true story was told Mrs. Nolan by her husband, and unfortunate Jimmy was disgraced. The whisper floated on the atmosphere of those twenty-two girls, and whenever Jimmy showed his face in near proximity to the house twenty-two "bahs" went up in mutual chorus to remind him of the sheep. One against twenty-four had very little show, and so Jimmy kept mum.

One day, as he was sitting in an off-room which his father used as an office, his prying hands came in contact with a deck of cards, which he worked on for ever so long, until at last he mastered the art of putting up four kings and four aces; and while he was intently interested in the modus operandi of the thing, who should pop in but his father.

"At it again, I see," says Mr. Nolan.

"Yes, father: I have just found it out."

"Found what out, you young scamp?"

"Just sit down, father, and I will show you."

Jimmy spoke so meekly that the old man relented of his anger, and took a seat facing his son.

"Now, father, you are to have a flock of sheep, and I am the dealer."

"Well, sir, what next?"

"Nothing;" and as Jimmy said "Nothing" he commenced dealing the cards, giving the old man four kings and a seven, and himself four aces and a five. Mr. Nolan's face was a bouquet of smiles as he lifted his hand and clearly understood the strength of it.

"Why, James, my son, *never* play kerds again, for you are as innocent as a babe in pasteboard matters."

"Have you got a good hand, and would you bet much on it?" meekly says James.

"Bet! On this hand I could win the county of Campbell."

"Well, father, we are not playing for a county—we are going for a flock of sheep. Aint that so?"

"Yes, my boy, sheep it is;" and, getting excited, he laid down has hand with all the confidence that certainty begets.

"That hand is no good, father, for I remember seeing it once before, and this is the hand that beat it—*two pair of aces.*"

If Monroe Edwards or any of his counterfeit gang who nestled in the near Blue Ridge had dropped in on Mr. Nolan, and demanded his assistance in getting rid of surplus money, he would not have been more astonished—but, rising from the table without saying another word, he instantly sought Mrs. Nolan, and they do say that the numerous family shivered when he told them it was lucky that Jimmy held that hand instead of him; "for, by cracky! you would all be homeless, as I would have lost the whole plantation."

There was a marked difference in the twenty-two affections for Jimmy, and all in the space of thirty minutes, as he was again taken into the confidence of his numerous sisters, who never again cried "Bah!" And Mrs. Nolan said:

"My son Jimmy, I forgive you; for, lord-a-mercy, what would have become of us if your father had held four kings in Richmond?"

Mr. James Nolan is now a wise man, and never sits down to play "kerds" unless the percentage is a little in his favor.

SPERRY.

KREITZMEYER'S REWENGE;

OR,

DER BONE-BILER OF VEEHAWKEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GOFTY GOOFT.

(WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY OUR OWN ARTIST.)

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SHABDER ELEFAND—CODNIUED.

O Lord! medinkeed, vat bain dat vas to drown!
Vat dreadful noise of vater in mine ears!
Vat sighds of ugly deaid mitin mine eyes!
Medinkeed I seen a dousand fearful vrackets;
A dousand men dat fishes gnaw'd ubon;
Vedges of gold, gread anchors, heabs of bearl,
Shdale cuds of tobacker, bald-headed Jews,
All schaddered in der boddom of der sea;
Some lay in dead-head's shkulls, und in dose holes
Vere eyes did once inhabid dere vas grebt,
As 'dwere in shcorn of eyes, refleeding gems.
—RICHARD III.

Sigismund Henselberger says somevere in von of his vorks on Asdronomical Jewrisbrudence: "Der longer a man leefs, der more he finds by Jeminy Belds oud."

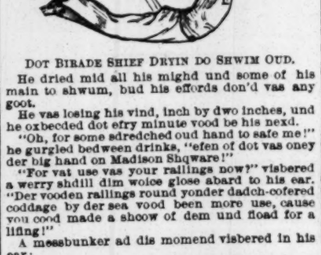
Und dot vas neferdielessly drue.

Id vas exdonishing how fur some beebles kin saw, und how near some beeble cand.

Some beebles vill valk oud in a hay-field some fine Decemper morning in Abril, und found von or dwo needles in efry hayshdack dey come to, mitoud looking for dem.

Oders vill shdard oud mit deir eyes vide oben, und valk blum indo efry sewer-mud coal-hole, und broke dree or four of deir legs, und be on der look-oud doo. Dot shows der difference bedween near und fur sighdness.

Ven Grinaldo Gluckupperson vas in der rifer mit his nose in droupte, his mind vas agitaded und his moud vas full mid vader.



DOT BIRADE SHIEF DRYIN DO SHWIM OUD.

He dried mid all his mighd und some of his main to shwum, bud his efforts don'd vas any good.

He vas losing his vind, inch by dwo inches, und he oxbeeded dot efry minute vood be his nexd.

"Oh, for some sdredched oud hand to safe me!" he gurgled bedween drinks, "efen of dot vas oney der big hand on Madison Shqware!"

"For vat use vas your rahlings now?" visbered a werry shtill dim woice glose abard to his ear. "Der vooden railings round yonder dadch-cofered coddage by der sea vood been more use, cause you cood made a shoow of dem und vload for a liting!"

A messbunker ad dis momend visbered in his ear:

"Examinashion vas der dief of dime!"

"Of I had a blece of soab I cood vash mineself ashore!" he sighed in a woice of dunder.

"Shess waid! I vill safe you on sefen condishuns!" said der inwisible creen woice.

"Name dweif of dem righd avay oud!" he faindly yed firmly answered.

"Shdob persecuding Krietzmeyer der bone-biler of Veehawken!" und as she shbeaked dose lasd dwendy-dwo vords dere vas a sharb flash of lighdning mid a base-drum und drombone accombanimend.

Der birade didn'd made no answer.

"Come, hurry ub! You oney got dree seggonds to rebent more! Dost dou shvore?"

"I dost!"

Und he dusted.

SHAPDER DER DWELF.

Von to desdroy vas murder, by der law,
Und gibbeds keeb der lifed heard in awe;
To murder dhousands dooks a shbecious name—
Var's gloriousard—und gifes immordal fame.—YOUNG.

Nine or sefen miles from der goot ole cidy of Droy, in Creen Coundy, in der Shdade of New Jersey, dere vas a farm of boud von agre in diamference.

Der coddage on der lawn vas a wery subsdanshial-looking prown-stone rookery made of vood, und dot seemed as if it vas puild a grate many years gefore dere vas any mechanics.

Many und much vas der shdories dot vas floading in der neighporhood boud id, und niggers und shmall shildren nefer voodn'd vend by id ven dod vas lade ad nighd.

Indeed, 'dwas mensh tioned oud loud for a fact dot ad von dime a pretzel-warnisher vas found drowned ub on dob of a hill in der voods glose by der house, mit his droat cud from his ear to his eye, und his bockeds durned oudside down.

No von don'd knew who he vas or vence he comed.

He don'd knew, doo.

He vas doo died.

He had warnished his lasd pretzel, und vent to der habby hunding-crounds of his farders mit his droat not fid to been seen.

He mused feeled wery much cud ub ven he died.

In der door under der shade of a olt abble-jack dree shdands a cray-haired voman a hundert und fifty years of oit, more or less—less, we dink—shdill in der brime of life, und as young und healdy as any of der geeses and duckses she vas feeding on der sour salad dot vas leefed from der dree-yeeks-ago dinner.

Und Loweesa shduck her head oud of der kitchen-vindow as she varpled der lasd nodes.

"Vat consbiracy vas you und dot olt villain of a mudder of yours hadching ub bedween you, now?" inderrogaded Loweesa of der geese-slayer.

"Shboke nod so, Loweesa; dot's nod a brober caber," said der man.

"Pud your vords a leedle gloser abard ven you dalk to a voman dot's olt enuff to been your farder!" said der voman.

"Dank Heafens dot you vas nod my farder!" shimed in Loweesa. "Of you vas my farder, I mighd be dwins!"

By dis dime der goose vas all viped off, und der man und his aged mudder vent indo der house to ead veatbuck-cakes.

Loweesa looked her head hunging oud der vindow dill she god a quinsey sore eye.

Den she vent in.

Dot nighd, after etrypody vas in bed, fraid for deir lifes, der shimney dook fire, und der flames vas blainly inwisible for miles around.

Etrybody said, as dey looked oud und shook deir heads:

"For sure der shbarrowcrass gronchер vas in der middle of our midsd!"

Und so dot vas! Und so dot vas!

Ve'm gidding now to der glimazes.

SHABDER DER DIRDEEND.

"Lay on, Jack Duff;
Und he be damned dot firsd gries: 'I got blendy!'"—JAKES.

Dot vas a grade day in Gowanus on Saind Walendine's Day, und many und much vas der poody nice leedle nodes, mit leedle shmall Gupids mit no glose on a-flying round mit fedder vings, und hearts und lifers red mit plude, und bows und arrows shducking drough dem.

Und dere vas oder walendines dot don'd vas so awful poody—a leedle more on der sourcaudic order—of leedle more on der obera-buffer shdyle—a leedle more off-colored.

DER POT IN CRAY.

Ad Nummer 4-11-44 Kerhiverson Afenue, Von of der poys in cray shdobbed mit a full veelbarrow of ledders.

He vibed his nose on his shleef, baused, und den looked ub.

"Vat hasd dou in dot push-vaggon?" asked a fair maiden of fordy years olt.

"Noding for dou!" he murmured. "Ven I gid some, I'll gafe you any!"

"You'm doo libby! I vill had you made inshbecdor to keeb cows und annie-goats off der elefaded railvay und der Brooklyn Pridge, of you don'd vas careless."

"Of der salifaded railvay? Vell, of you vand so much a walendine, vy der doose don'd you send von to yourself?"

"I vood, oney I didn'd know der nummer of my own house!" redorded Maud Muller.

"Dwo dwos und a dwo!" he ejackuladed.

"I dought it four vons und a coubie!"

"You'm awful shmard!"

"Und you'm doo pran-new!"

Suddendly, mitout a hour's varning, he vas seized from behind by der shlack of his neck und der knapp of his drowsers, und fired agross der shdreed, vere he arrifed all proke ub in beesiness.

Gendeel reader, who dinkeed dou vas der firer?

Who dood dou su;poeishion?

Who vichofer guesses gids a gromo or a fruid-cake mit a hairbin in dot.

No one voodn'd answer?

Vell, ve vill dold our ownselfs:

Dot vas Hawkshaw der Gread Mogullus!

Don'd gafe dot avay.

DO BEEN CONDINUED.

THE GREAT O. P. RIOTS

AT THE

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, LONDON, IN 1809.

COMPILED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER FROM DOCUMENTS, NEWSPAPER REPORTS AND PROGRAMMES NOW IN POSSESSION OF MR. GEO. W. THOMPSON.

[The Covent-garden Theatre, London, was opened by Richard Devoy in 1732. On Sept. 20, 1808, it was burned down, twenty persons losing their lives. It was rebuilt and was opened on Sept. 18, 1809, with a new scale of prices. The populace demanded a return to the old prices. It was not until the middle of the following December that the rioting ceased. It is the purpose of this series of papers to delineate its progress.—ED. CLIPPER.]

SEPTEMBER 21, 1809.

"LOVE IN A VILLAGE" AND "WHO WINS?"—This was the bill on the fourth day or fourth moon, when the lunacy was at its height. The uproar was greater than on all the preceding nights combined. A far greater proportion of females were present on this night; but neither their bright eyes nor Mrs. Dickens (a great favorite), who played the part of Rosetta, could soften the rude temper of John Bull. The introduction of watchmen's rattles and coach-horns was the improvement in the music. Among the new placards exhibited were: "No New Prices," "No Catalani," "Dickens Forever," "John Bull against John Kemble." The hooting, whistling and noise continued until a person in an undress military uniform arose, and spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: It is a most remarkable circumstance that Mr. Kemble should appear so inattentive to the wishes and indignation of the audience—that he continues reclining upon a sofa in the greenroom while the resentment of a British public is loudly and universally expressed. Ladies and gentlemen, this is an action brought by John Bull against John Philip Kemble; and if you only persevere, you may depend upon a just and equitable verdict."

Shrieks of approbation followed these remarks. The farce began, and ended with the usual accompaniments, more oratory and fighting and fresh placards being exposed: "Britons, be firm," "Resist imposition," "No Catalini," "Kemble, remember the Irish tinman," "Take Kemble away," "Give us Cooke," Mr. Lees, the bank-clerk and original orator, then spoke in reply to Mr. Kemble's remarks of last night. He remarked that it would be very entertaining to see Mr. Kemble teaching Catalini English, with a birch-rod in his hand. He then repeated the old story about the wrongs of the private boxes covering all the expenses incurred by the proprietors in consequence of the late fire. Mr. Kemble had called the increased admission a trifling sum. True, a shilling and a sixpence were but trifling sums; yet, when a great many of them came together, the managers would find the profit of fifteen per cent. a great sum. If, however, it was such a trifle, why would the managers persist in making it a bone of contention with the public? It is needless to tell me that the profits of the theatre are so trifling as Mr. Kemble states them to be. So great a lover of money as Mr. Kemble would not sink £25,000 in a losing concern.

Here he was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Kemble, dressed in black. The ceremony of shouts being over, he delivered himself thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I have to express to you the regret felt by the proprietors of this theatre that the statement I had the honor of making to you last night did not meet with your approbation. Ladies and gentlemen, I beg leave once more to remind you of the matters contained in that statement, and to suggest to your own consideration ——"

This so little frightened with their way of thinking that the hissing and hooting recommenced, and, without further hearing, he was compelled to retire. Five hundred persons were on their feet at the same moment. One accused the managers of falsehood and insolence in endeavoring to awe a British audience by means of constables, staves, fighting watermen and trap-doors. The constables and rioters now turned into dogs and hares, out of the pit and into the boxes, and out of the boxes and into the pit, with wonderful agility, as the officers made their appearance in either. One more speaker—a common workman in appearance, but of superior energy—deserves notice. He addressed his remarks to a gentleman who had espoused the cause of the managers, and contended that neither of the two reasons advanced by Mr. Kemble for the rise of prices was sufficient. The high price of every thing else was no fair plea for the same claim; and indeed with much better grace, as none of them possessed the advantages that Covent-garden did, or had a monopoly in their favor. He continued to speak for nearly half an hour, and denounced the high and mighty John Philip Kemble as a vagabond, in the strict letter of the law. This law has not been repealed, and it now appeared to be wisely retained, to keep such gentry in check.

Wild and tumultuous cheering followed these remarks, and the advocate of the managers was thrown from the boxes into the pit and severely injured. A verse of "God Save the King" was now the signal for retreat, and by eleven o'clock the house was empty.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1809.

"JOHN BULL" AND "THE QUAKER."—Noise and confusion as great as ever. The actors on this night were all sworn in constables, and the guards, with fixed bayonets, defended the passes so as to prevent all entrance after nine o'clock. A party of orderly men (in number, about a quarter of the pit) distinguished themselves by sitting uncovered. Much damage had been done to the doors, and covering of the seats had been put up upwards of forty places. The managers had lost at least £800 in the last four nights. Firemen, watermen, lamplighters, prize-fighters and scavengers had had orders thrown to them by handfuls, to no purpose (as it would seem) except to increase the torrent of dissatisfaction. Hardly a single word of the first act of "John Bull" could be heard. In the second act Mr. Kemble appeared, after an outburst of shouts and hisses. He was allowed to speak as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have a proposal to submit to you" [loud applause], "if I may have the honor to have it heard" [interruptions], "which I am in hopes will effectually contribute to the restoration of the public tranquillity." [Applause.] "The proprietors are willing to submit their book and accounts" ["No, no," "Hear, hear"] "to the inspection of a committee of unimpeachable impartiality and honor, selected from the public, who, from their characters, shall be acknowledged to be above suspicion." ["Hear, hear him!"] "To convince the world, and show the state of their affairs, the managers are willing that they should be submitted, for instance—if he could be prailed upon to investigate their affairs—to the Governor of the Bank of England." [Cries of "No, no!"] "Ladies and gentlemen, I only ask what I am sure you won't deny me—impartial justice." [Loud applause, interrupted by the sound of a horn, at which great indignation was expressed.] "Let the Attorney-general of England ——"

Here the confusion became so great that Mr. Kemble retired to the stage-door. Upon being requested, he again returned and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the managers are anxious to submit the state of their affairs ——"

Here Mr. Kemble was obliged to withdraw, after explaining to the persons in the pit and boxes nearest the stage that they wished to refer the matter to such men as the Governor of the Bank of England, the Attorney-general, the Solicitor-general, or the Chief Justice of the Court of Chancery. Sir Francis Baring, and Mr. Angerstein, and to abide by their opinion on the propriety or the impropriety of the present advance on the prices on the pit and boxes. Loud cries of "No, No!" Several fights in the pit now commenced, in which clubs were freely used, and the constables worsted. The placards—and, if the truth should be spoken, the blackguards—were more numerous than on any former occasion. A full-length picture of Mr. Kemble as Macbeth and Mr. Harris* as Banquo was conspicuous.

"Old prices or empty benches," "The voice of the public in this house shall never be silenced by the obstinacy of the managers," "Britons, be liberal—live and let live." This last was the only favorable one yet exhibited. It was reported that the rioters had appointed a committee to conduct their operations. Between the first and second acts of a farce a gentleman in one of the lower boxes addressed the people. This was the last speech, the lungs of the orators of former nights being probably under the care of the doctor. A dance instead of a song constituted the finale, which assisted much in kicking up a dust, and destroyed all the green cloth on the seats of the pit. Some ladies, elegantly dressed, and commonly called modest, were seen actively employed in fostering the public cause. The theatre was cleared before eleven o'clock. In the morning papers of Sept. 23, 1809, the following notice appeared:

WARNING.—The Lord-chamberlain has sent a message to Messrs. Harris & Kemble that the peace of the city must not be disturbed by these riotous proceedings, and if the difference with the public cannot be settled amicably, the theatre must be closed.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1809.

"WOODMAN" AND "RAISING THE WIND."—On this night the managers, who had hitherto filled the house with "orderly men" who had only increased the disorder, were resolved to admit nothing but money—all flint or all steel they thought safer than a mixture. The seats were not crowded at the beginning, but the ear could mark no diminution in the noises—whistles, drums, horns, etc. (N. B.—It is a singular fact that yesterday, neither at Exeter change nor at any toy-shop in the west, could a single child's-whistle or penny trumpet be procured.) The performers this evening, in many instances, were driven from the stage, apples, turnips, and, in some cases, sticks, being thrown at them. The following placards appeared: A list of salaries, making those of the Kemble family and Catalini £21,000; a drawling of a coffin, with the inscription: "New Prices, died of whooping-cough, aged six days;" "John Kemble alone is the cause of this riot;" "When he lowers his price, John Bull will be quiet."

TO BE CONTINUED.

* George Frederick Cooke, the celebrated tragedian.
† Mr. Harris was one of the managers of Covent-garden.

Macbeth.—"Thou canst not say I did it!"

Banquo.—"A lie—a damned lie."

THE KING OF BAVARIA one day met a soldier with a wooden leg, and asked him when he lost it. "In the War of 1866," replied the warrior gruffly. "Don't you know me?" asked the King, somewhat piqued at the soldier's manner. "No: how should I?" was the reply. "You don't go to the wars, and I don't go to the opera."

"A Bible which formerly belonged to George Washington, and presented to him by the author," is advertised by a Western bookseller.

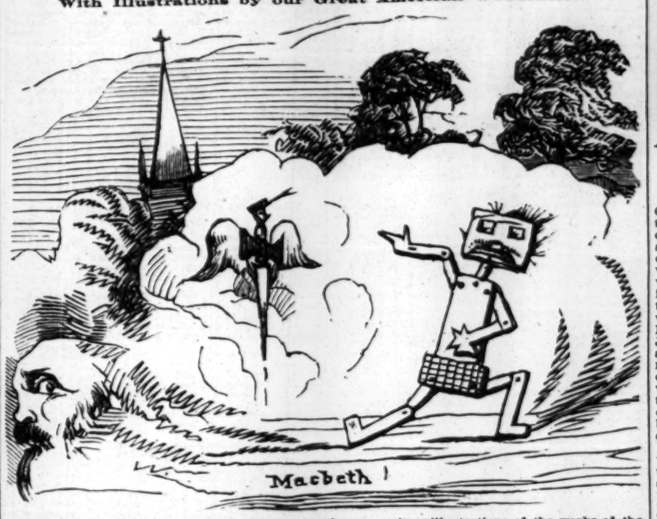
CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SHAKESPEARE MADE EASY.

With Illustrations by our Great American Woodcutter.



At the request of the thousands who have enjoyed our previous illustrations of the works of the great bard of Avon, we this week give a representation of the dagger-scene in the tragedy of "Macbeth," wherein the Thane of Cawdor, whose conscience has made a coward of him, imagines every bush to be an officer, and every shrub a highwayman in disguise. Our woodchopper has chosen this scene for illustration because it is of intense interest, and because it enables him to delineate the various passions which make the guilty mind of Macbeth a terror to himself. It is in this scene, 1 of act ii, where Macbeth, just prior to the murder, thus soliloquizes:

"Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee," etc.

Those who desire to follow us further, and to witness the continuation of this fearful tragedy, will do well to attend the next performance of "Macbeth," and enjoy the action as well as the dialogue of one of the most thrilling of Shakespeare's creations.

MISS CATHARINE ALEEN.

KITTY ALEEN.

DEDICATED TO ED. MARBLE,
BY DAVID DILLON.

Good-bye, little darling; I'm going away
To that sweet land of freedom that's far o'er the say,
Where the true hand of friendship and Liberty's shown
To welcome the stranger who wanders alone.
Oh, no, Katy darling, I ne'er shall forget
Those bright loving moments when first you I met.
'Twas down 'mongst the daisies and shamrocks so green
That I first vowed my love to you, Kitty Aleen.

Chorus.

O Kitty Aleen! sweet Kitty Aleen,
'Twas down 'mongst the daisies and shamrocks so green,
Where the little birds sweetly sang through the "boreen,"
That I first vowed my love to you, Kitty Aleen.

Good-bye, little darling; I now must away—
The ship it does wait, I no longer can stay;
When crossing the ocean's bright, sea-bounding wave,
I'll pray for Old Erin and the promise you gave;
Then weep not, allanna, but constantly try
To think of your darling, your dear Irish boy,
Whose love for sweet Erin and the shamrock so green
Will bring him soon back to sweet Kitty Aleen.

Chorus.

O Kitty Aleen! sweet Kitty Aleen,
'Twas down 'mongst the daisies and shamrocks so green,
Where the little birds sweetly sang through the "boreen,"
That I first vowed my love to you, Kitty Aleen.

THE OLD FEDERAL-STREET.

G. P. Fisher of Boston, Mass., sends us a bill of the Old Federal-street Theatre, in that city, during the year 1846, at which time poor Tom Placide, an account of whose melancholy suicide was published in a recent issue, was a member of the company. John Gilbert, who is now enjoying his Summer vacation in Manchester, Mass., has been for some years past pursuing his calling in this city. Dec. 10, 1852: Mrs. Seguin lives here in retirement; Harry Russell still follows the profession in the West; W. Germon died some years ago; David Whiting still follows the profession. Of the actors who sang in the choruses, Tom Parsons died in Boston June 19, 1857; Dick Stephens died in Cleveland, O., May 17, 1869; G. G. Spear is an inmate of the Forrest Home, Philadelphia. Of those who appeared in the farce, H. D. Johnson died in Philadelphia, July 24, 1863; Mr. Vache died in this city July 10, 1849, as did Mrs. John Gilbert April 27, 1866, and Mrs. W. H. Smith Sept. 25, 1861.

BOSTON THEATRE,
Federal street.
Stage-manager ..... Mr. John G. Gilbert

SECOND OPERATIC WEEK.

Seventh appearance of
Mrs. SEGUIN, Mr. FRAZER and Mr. SEGUIN,
assisted by a powerful chorus.

PRICES—Dress circle, parquet seats, private and proscenium-box tickets, $1; boxes, 50c.; pit, 25c.; gallery, 12½c.

TIME ALTERED.—Doors will be opened at quarter before 7, and the performance will commence at 7¼ o'clock.

ENTRANCES.—To boxes, also boxes G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, main entrance, on Federal street. To private boxes A, B, C, D, E, F, and to chairs in Parquet—Parquet entrance on Franklin street. To Pit and Gallery—In alley on Federal street.

No money can be taken at the doors.

TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 6, 1846,
will be presented, for the second time in Boston, a new grand opera in three acts called

THE BREWER OF PRESTON.

Daniel Robinson, a brewer of Preston	
George Robinson, an officer in the King's service	Mr. Frazer
Toby Crossbelt, a sergeant in the same regiment	Mr. Seguin
Effie, betrothed to Daniel	Mrs. Seguin
Lord Mulgrave, aid-de-camp to the King	Mr. H. Russell
Sir John Carlyle, a captain in the navy	Gallagher
Major Lovel	Mr. W. Germon
Bob, the brewer's foreman	Whiting
Corporal Ramrod	Parker

Drummers, brewers, soldiers, noblemen..... Messrs. Bennett, Keim, Sauer, Schnepff, Parker, Parsons, W. Germon, Stephens, Cushing, Spear, Aiken, Clapp, Ball, Wheat.

Brewers' wives, ladies, etc.... Mesdames Rosenthal, Brunton, Fiske, Boquet, Johnson, Wood, Mack, Deluce, Stinson and Mayberry.

To conclude with the laughable farce by Dibdin, entitled

THE TWO GREGORIES;
OR WHERE DID THE MONEY COME FROM?

John Bull	Mr. H.

'E'S TRIP

CLIPPER.

TINENT.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must* be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Aug. 13.

LADIES'.

Allen, Georgie (Arnold, Grace
Anderson, Mrs. Geo. A.
Aborn, Dot
Allyne, Kittie
Adams, Sallie
Atkinson, Maude
Bradley, Leanora
Bretto, Emma (2)
Boshell, Louise
Beekmon, Annie
Bowers, Nettie
Brooks, Ups. (of Holden's Co.)
Blitz, Rose Hard ing
Chambers, Augusta
Cassell, Fannie (2)
Chapman, Mrs. Harry
Clyde, Minnie
Claudius, Ada
Dottie, Dimple
Duvall, Sisters
Dunbar, Helen
Dolly, Dimple
De Lange, Lillie
Deland, Annie
Fox, Annie (vocalist)
Fox and Jubleaus The
Fox, Annie
Gaugain, Marie
Gilbert, Jennie
Graham, Tillie
Hall, Minnie
Hoffman, Emma
Hopkins, Clara
Herbert, Emilie
Hezlep, Grace
Howitt, Belle
Holman, Mrs. H.
Imogene (actress) (2)
Irvine Sisters
Jutau, Emma (2)
Johnston, Mrs. R.
Just, Helen
Kent, Fannie
Le Gross or Amanda Grisel, Marie
Laiselle, Belle
Lindsay, Jennie
Lotta, Miss (2) 3c.
Lusk, Ada
Letarneur, Mlle. A.
Leech, Gussie
Lynn Sisters
Lenger, Jennie
Lawrence, Emma
Le Roy, Ling
Mortimer, Lu-lu
Marshall, Florence (2)
Murray, Maggie
Mitchell, Lottie
Marion, Pauline
May, Fannie
Morris, Mrs. Chas
Price, Fannie A.
Phillips, Amy (p o m. Milan, Italy)
Quise, H. A.
Graham, T. Z.
Hanly, M. W. (2)
Hudson Bros.
Howard, John
Hall, Mills
Hughes, Prof. D. B. Sc.
Heeney, Edward
Heath, T. H.
Healy, Dr. J. E. (2)
Howard, Pauline
Hull, Herbert M.
Hudson, Harry 6c.
Harrington, J. (of Haring & McGlone)
Hanly, W. W.
Howard, Harry T.
Healy, John
Hughes, T. (of Barry's Co.)
Hogan & Griffin
Hennessey, F. (of Hennessey Bros.)
Holden, Lyman
Homer, Billy
Hamilton, Willy
Heron, Chas. S.
Ince & Emma Brennan, J. E.
Jacks & Hume
Jackson, J. B.
Jean, T. J. (of Kelly & Ryan)
Jennings, Harry
Keeler, P. A.
Kent, Frank
Keating, John (2)
Kelly, Jno. (of Waggner, J. E.)
Kelly, James
Kidder, E. E.
Keyes, D. A.
Keaon, Charlie
Kelly, D. J.
Kelly, John
Levino, Henri
Leslie, Jas.
Little, Chas. (of Howe's Cir.)
Lang, Geo.
Little, R. (of Georgia Minst.)
Ludington, Alfred (2)
Loder, C. A.
Lennon, G. J. (of Amburgh's Cir.)
Little, Chas.
Lucs, Alex. A.
Lauiig, Fred.
Lang, Ned
Lee, H. C.
Mauritius, Wm.
Morgan, W. A.
Morton, W. H. (2)
McDe.mott, Jas.
Mahoney, Jno.
Manchester & Jennings
Mack, Cornelius
Mar-den, Fred
Morse, J. T.
Mullen, P. L.
Morris, Andy
Murphy, Chas.
McElroy, J.
McKee Rankin
Moreland, A. C.
Miltimore, H. Fred
Martin, Sam
McIntyre, Jas.
McNeal, Archie
Misco, Thos. E. (4)
Mantz, J. C.
McIntyre & Heath
Misco Combination
McWade, Robt.
Mathews, C. C.
Morton, Jno. W.
Melville, Chas.
Mack, J. (of Worden & Mack)
Markley, Harry C
Millinger, M. L. (2)
Monroe & Murray
Murphy & Mack
Merton, J. D.
Melville, W. T.
Modders, Chas. (music. director)
Mortimer, Mr. (of Kerry Gowan Co.)
Martin, Fred
Martin-etti, H. (pantomimist)
Mauh, Kel
Marks, Jase
McCue, Mickey
"Marvin"
McIntyre, Jas (song-and-dance)
Murray, Geo.
Moore, Eddie
Martz, Dick (variety Chair.) (8)
Miller, S. H.
Manning, J.
Mills, Wm. J. (2)
Markhoff, J. (2)
Marten, Harry (p.o. m. Hull, Eng.)
Morrison, Lewis
Miller, W. J.
New Orleans Minstrels
Nicholes, H. (of Oate's Op. Co.)
Norris, E. (of Cole's Cir.)
Nugent, J. E.
Nathans, Jno. C.
Nelson, Mr. (trapeze "biz")
Newhall, Frank
O'Neil, Chas. (of Barry's Co.)
Orrin, Thos. (of O'Brien Bros.) (3)
Orrin Bros.
Orrmbo, C.
Peanoyer, Augt.
Petrie, W. O.
Pare, A. D.
Petton, J. (Japanese Co.)
Perry, (Capt. C. M.
Parker, R. S.
Parton, Victor
Plunket, Mr. (manager)
Pritchard, Spencer (2)
Pendy, John
Perkins, Fred. (musician)
Parmelee, H. E.
Quine, T. (of Soldene's Co.)
Rial, J. (manager)
Ringdeen, J.
Reynolds, Geo.
Rees, D. H.
Ryan, T. J.
Roberts, A. (of Cole's Cir.)
Rosch, Johnny
Seamon, F. H.
Sarouey, Gilbert
Stevens, Col. R. S.
Slavin, J. H.
Stickney, Bob
Seymour, W. T. (2)
Stanley, Ernest (3)
Sidwell, Lemon
Simons, Jake (manager)
Sprague, D. J.
Sadler, T. (of Robinson & Christ.)
Smart, Harry
Spaulding, W. P.
Shaw, A. Wilson
Schumann, H.
Stanley, C. H.
Sears, W. T.
Sunnill, Geo. W. 2ic.
Stinop, J. (of De Haven's Cir.)
Seward, Geo.
Silver, W. A.
Showers, Andy
Scydam, D.
Smith, F. W.
Stuart, W. H.
Saroney, Waters & Kelly
Snow, E. E.
Scott, A. F.
Sheldon, Harry
Thompson, John
Templeton, John
Tracy, Dan
Thatcher, Chas. (pianist)
Trimble, Harry M.
Turner, Dick (of O'Brien's Cir.)
Tudors, The
Thorne, H. C.
Taylor, E. S.
Thompson, Den
Thatcher, Ned (of Barlow & Hilume)
Ulmer, Frank
Voss, Val
Vocera, Chas.
Wiley, L. H. (2)
Wood & West
Woodward John (reaper) 3c.
White, Dan (of Rice's Cir.)
Worden & Mack
Ward, J. W. (of O'Brien's Cir.
Wood, Geo.
Weston, Horace
Williams, Jno. H.
Wilkinson, Oscar
Williams, H. W (manager)
Washburn, E. S.
Weska, Harry (manager)
Wells, C. B.
Wagner, C. (2)
Watson, Barney
West, Frank
Wallace, Wm. C.
Waldron, D. G.
Wambold, D. S.
Woodville, Jas.
Wheeler, Bob
Warner, J. Frank
Watkins, Harry (actor)
Young, Ed. C.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Alden, D. (of Cole's Cir.)
Agent
Armstrong, Harry
Andrie, E. A.
Anderson, A. S.
Andrews, (of Texas Jack Co.)
Armstrong, A. A.
Anderson J. C.
Allen, F. (gymnast)
Arnold, Wm. N.
Allen, Wm. H.
Allyne, M. T. J
Benton, Chas.
Blandowski, A.
Bingham, Dan
Bryer, Wm. (manager)
Brooks, Wm. A.
Batchellor, Wm.
Byron, O. Doud
Baker, Jos.
Barlow, M. G. (2)
Barry, Billy
Bowers, Geo. E. H
Bishop, Nig
Barlow, W. A.
Beaty, J. W.
Browne, J. M.
Burroughs, Wm. F.
Bryant, W. (of Bryant & Williams)
Berger, Family Manager or
Bennett, Frank
Bodger, Sam
Boyd & Wade
Brougham, John
Bennett, Frank
Balzer, (pantomimist)
Beard, John W.
Baer, Geo.
Bell, Charlie
Bryant & West
Black or Block
Lang, Joe
Blitz, Walter
Boles, T. J.
Chevers & Kennedy
Campbell, C. J. (Opera "biz")
Crimmins & White
Corvella, Robt.
Chapman, Wm. E.
Carrillo, Ramon (2)
Clark, Kit
Courtright, Billy
Connolly, C. M.
Coulo, J.
Callender, Chas.
Chatterton, W. L.
Clark, Jas.
Campbell, Bartley
Carroll & Cullen
Castello, Geo.
Casorin, Jas.
Collins, James
Creed, M.
Cain, S. S.
Deakins' Lilliputians, Manag.
Dayton, Tommy
Dearborn, Dr. J. W. (2)
Devonear, Pete
Dippery, J. C.
Dunbar, G. W.
Davies, Hervey L. (2)
De Sar, Bob
De Forest, H. F.
De Haven, Claude (2)
Dickeson, H. A.
Daly, Bobby
De Bonay, John
Devenport, Lew
Davis, Chas. L.
Dana, Dr. Alfred
Emmett, Wm. (2)
Emmett, Chas. E.
Ennings, M.
Evans, Chas.
Edwards, Jas.
Frost, Hyatt
Franklin, W. E.
Floyd, Wm. B.
Fawcett, Owen
Ferrie, W. H.
Fitzpatrick, J. H.
Foote, Jr., Mr. (of N. O. Mint)
Glover, Mr. (scenic artist)
Goss, Ned
Glover, E. (Australian Comique)
Gardner, Elder & Co.
Gatthold, E. M.
Graham, L. (scenic artist)
Gardner, Charlie
Goldrich, P. C
Grant, W. F
Gulick, Jas. (2)
Gibbons & Russell
Garrison, W. O.
German Bros.
Griste, Chas. B. (2
Goshen, Jas. (circus "biz")
Girard, Wm.
Gleason, Billy
Gulse, H. A. (Chr.)
Hanly, M. W. (2)
Hudson Bros.
Howard, John
Hall, Mills
Hughes, Prof. D. B. Sc.
Heeney, Edward
Heath, T. H.
Healy, Dr. J. E. (2)
Howard, Pauline
Hull, Herbert M.
Hudson, Harry 6c.
Harrington, J. (of Haring & McGlone)
Hanly, W. W.
Howard, Harry T.
Healy, John
Hughes, T. (of Barry's Co.)
Hogan & Griffin
Hennessey, F. (of Hennessey Bros.)
Holden, Lyman
Homer, Billy
Hamilton, Willy
Heron, Chas. S.
Ince & Emma Brennan, J. E.
Jacks & Hume
Jackson, J. B.
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Jennings, Harry
Keeler, P. A.
Kent, Frank
Keating, John (2)
Kelly, Jno. (of Waggner, J. E.)
Kelly, James
Kidder, E. E.
Keyes, D. A.
Keaon, Charlie
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Lang, Ned
Lee, H. C.
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Morgan, W. A.
Morton, W. H. (2)
McDe.mott, Jas.
Mahoney, Jno.
Manchester & Jennings
Mack, Cornelius
Mar-den, Fred
Morse, J. T.
Mullen, P. L.
Morris, Andy
Murphy, Chas.
McElroy, J.
McKee Rankin
Moreland, A. C.
Miltimore, H. Fred.
Martin, Sam
McIntyre, Jas.
McNeal, Archie
Misco, Thos. E. (4)
Mantz, J. C.
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Mauh, Kel
Marks, Jase
McCue, Mickey
"Marvin"
McIntyre, Jas (song-and-dance)
Murray, Geo.
Moore, Eddie
Martz, Dick (variety Chair.) (8)
Miller, S. H.
Manning, J.
Mills, Wm. J. (2)
Markhoff, J. (2)
Marten, Harry (p.o. m. Hull, Eng.)
Morrison, Lewis
Miller, W. J.
New Orleans Minstrels
Nicholes, H. (of Oate's Op. Co.)
Norris, E. (of Cole's Cir.)
Nugent, J. E.
Nathans, Jno. C.
Nelson, Mr. (trapeze "biz")
Newhall, Frank
O'Neil, Chas. (of Barry's Co.)
Orrin, Thos. (of O'Brien Bros.) (3)
Orrin Bros.
Orrmbo, C.
Peanoyer, Augt.
Petrie, W. O.
Pare, A. D.
Petton, J. (Japanese Co.)
Perry, (Capt. C. M.
Parker, R. S.
Parton, Victor
Plunket, Mr. (manager)
Pritchard, Spencer (2)
Pendy, John
Perkins, Fred. (musician)
Parmelee, H. E.
Quine, T. (of Soldene's Co.)
Rial, J. (manager)
Ringdeen, J.
Reynolds, Geo.
Rees, D. H.
Ryan, T. J.
Roberts, A. (of Cole's Cir.)
Rosch, Johnny
Seamon, F. H.
Sarouey, Gilbert
Stevens, Col. R. S.
Slavin, J. H.
Stickney, Bob
Seymour, W. T. (2)
Stanley, Ernest (3)
Sidwell, Lemon
Simons, Jake (manager)
Sprague, D. J.
Sadler, T. (of Robinson & Christ.)
Smart, Harry
Spaulding, W. P.
Shaw, A. Wilson
Schumann, H.
Stanley, C. H.
Sears, W. T.
Sunnill, Geo. W. 2ic.
Stinop, J. (of De Haven's Cir.)
Seward, Geo.
Silver, W. A.
Showers, Andy
Scydam, D.
Smith, F. W.
Stuart, W. H.
Saroney, Waters & Kelly
Snow, E. E.
Scott, A. F.
Sheldon, Harry
Thompson, John
Templeton, John
Tracy, Dan
Thatcher, Chas. (pianist)
Trimble, Harry M.
Turner, Dick (of O'Brien's Cir.)
Tudors, The
Thorne, H. C.
Taylor, E. S.
Thompson, Den
Thatcher, Ned (of Barlow & Hilume)
Ulmer, Frank
Voss, Val
Vocera, Chas.
Wiley, L. H. (2)
Wood & West
Woodward John (reaper) 3c.
White, Dan (of Rice's Cir.)
Worden & Mack
Ward, J. W. (of O'Brien's Cir.
Wood, Geo.
Weston, Horace
Williams, Jno. H.
Wilkinson, Oscar
Williams, H. W (manager)
Washburn, E. S.
Weska, Harry (manager)
Wells, C. B.
Wagner, C. (2)
Watson, Barney
West, Frank
Wallace, Wm. C.
Waldron, D. G.
Wambold, D. S.
Woodville, Jas.
Wheeler, Bob
Warner, J. Frank
Watkins, Harry (actor)
Young, Ed. C.

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for L. Davis, of Brown's Managerie Co.; Jno. A. Watson, Jas. H. Williams, Mrs. Addie McDonald and F. Colson.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, AUG. 13, '77.

It matters but very little to the most of us whether gold is selling at 105¼ or 175½, because, in these hard times, made still harder by the ill-advised and untimely strikes which have thrown the country off its centre during the past month, the people have a difficult task to secure a modicum of greenbacks, without troubling themselves about gold or the silver dollar of our fathers. To show the faith of the people in the usefulness of paper-money, and their total disregard of gold as a circulating medium for ordinary purposes, we have recently let loose a corps of well-educated reporters to hunt up and interview theatrical managers on the subject of money or its equivalent; and the reports made by this returning board of reportorial experts is very encouraging indeed. With but few exceptions, and these exceptions hailing from the remotest corner of our Northwestern frontier, we find that managers, of all grades and all conditions, are united on the money-question, and declare their intention to receive any and all legitimate money that may be offered them for admission. If gold is tendered them, it will not be declined with thanks; nor will the paper dollar be consigned to the waste-basket; the silver dollar of our fathers, or of any other of our reputable relatives, will be taken without rebate; and fractional currency, if at all legible, will be accepted at par. The exceptions we refer to are managers who trouble themselves very little about the quantity of money, if it only be good enough for them as far as they go; but in addition they are willing to receive potatoes, milk, green peas, hogs, succotash, and any other provender having a fair market-value. Here, then, we have the whole money-question in a nutshell; and the problem which has distracted and destroyed so many brilliant intellects since the cessation of the "late war" is thus solved without any resort to legislation or the military ..... No sooner have we disposed of one important question in our political economy than another arises to "give us pause." We are now given to understand that Clara Louise Kellogg contemplates the founding of a grand conservatory of music in this city, the home of art and science, and —— well, of a good many other things which we cannot at present enumerate. What need have we of such an institution? Is not the ground already covered by that imposing edifice our Academy of Music, through whose mighty ministrations the youth of this city has been educated up to its present high standard of musical excellence? Does it not stand as a monument to our lyric attainments? Why, the very children now running loose in our streets would revolt at the suggestion of any institution intended to supplant our own Academy. Clara means well, and her advisers mean well; but, until the Academy of Music has outlived its usefulness, let us not insult that grand old pile and its grand old musical masters by even hinting at the conveyance at the erection of a mausoleum over the ruins of the Fourteenth-street conservatory and its army of deadheads. Clara is alleged to have said that she will apply the profits of her contemplated tour in California to the furtherance of the grand action now in contemplation. *What if there should be no profits?* Let us hail her by the wayside ..... We have still another musical source of worriment—Anna Louise Cary the contralto has the hay-fever! This is dreadful! This disease has been on the increase ever since the Grangers got a foothold in this country. Anyone who has suffered from this disorder knows what a terrible affliction it is. [Ed.—Jimmy: Mrs. Oates does not suffer in that way—Sam Colville is *her* annoyance.—Ed.] ..... Before we forget it, we desire to convey to you the pleasing intelligence that Miss Lilian Conway was married in Philadelphia Aug. 8 to Charles Cambloe Jr.—no cake. *Our* feelings are well described by the tender poet when he says:

"It is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Ah yes! ..... And these marriage-lines remind us of a small story, which, by request, we now repeat for your entertainment: "*One* Wife" met the "*Two* Orphans" with the "*Three* Guardsmen" and "*Four* Lovers" at "*Five* O'clock in the Morning," practicing "The *Six* Degrees of Crime" with the "*Seven* Dwarfs" in an *eight* rocious manner. Under the *be nine* influence of "*Ten* Nights in a Barroom," they stayed out till *eleven* o'clock, and gave way to "*The Twelve* Temptations!" This is "Going Round the Clock" in a very timely, not to say figurative, manner ..... When we told the lone fisherman where he could find some good game-fish without leaving the city, we had no idea that he was not a legitimate sportsman, or that he would not use those weapons which all true fishermen use when they seek to allure the finny tribe to their capacious baskets. And when we pointed out Brother Coup's Aquarium as a proper place for the exercise of the piscatorial art, we imagined that he would use worms for bait, and take no unfair advantage of the porgies and flounders that met his gaze at that fishery. Instead, however, he ignored hook-and-line and worms, and threw some poisonous substance into the salt-water tank, and thus killed a large number of rare and useful and ornamental fishes! It would not be asking too much, concerning such a miscreant, to have permission to

"Place in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascal naked through the world."

[Well, Jimmy, it is probable that there *wouldn't* be many hands set to work, but there would doubtless be enough to serve the purpose.—Ed.] ..... Charley Ross, unlike one Japhet, is not in search of his father, but his father is still in pursuit of him; and if he catches his long-lost son he will give him a good warming, you bet. Barnum's offer of ten thousand dollars for the return of the prodigal son, dead or alive, has borne no good fruit ..... They say that not a few of the fashionable female bathers of the seashore, when in undress uniform, resemble the ballet when in full-dress regalia. At least, they regale yer with such yarns down there ..... Why doesn't Gail Hamilton leave the political field and be an actress, like Anna Dickinson? Does Gail fear a breeze like that which greeted Anna's debut? ..... "And the difference between this scene," said Angelina one night at the Park, "and a certain eccentric amateur actor is that one's *the moon on the lake*, and the other's *the loon on the make!*" Score one for Angelina! ..... Carl Schurz is said to have received five hundred dollars for "speaking a piece" during the Pennsylvania campaign. This is more than our own *legitimate* actors get. Carl denied the charge; but, not to be denied, that clever arithmetician Kemble—no relative to the great Kemble family of players—has proved by figures which cannot tell a lie that Brother Carl took his divvy without winching ..... Reading the riot-act to the Reading riot-actors was of no avail; but when the soldiers *acted it out*, there wasn't a dry eye in the place, which goes to show that "actions (and guns) speak louder than words." ..... Little Miss Boyle, who did Juliet recently at Booth's Theatre, must not be discouraged or cast down because her success was not what her Washington friends anticipated. It was no host that the people were in a happy frame of mind, and they did not, with their usual gallantry, enthuse over gentle Anna. Jimmy, a turn or two of the xylophone:

ABOUT BOYLES.

Folk talk about Boyles,
And yet they fancy Anna,
Who has digested Juliet
In quite a *stendious* manner.

..... We find the following a number of our exchanges: "John Pool wrote to a friend recently that Southern Republicans cannot expect anything from Hayes, or the powers that be under him particularly, for they got nothing from Post-master-general Key." More lies! John Pool finds enough to do to attend to his own affairs as manager of the Grand Opera-house without meddling with politicians. Country papers which have assisted in circulating this slander will save themselves trouble by giving equal publicity to this disclaimer. Mind, now! ..... Since the "fire in Pitt street" there has been nothing to create such excitement up that way as "the ghost-walker of 104 Pitt street." And yet the whole thing is a sham. The only ghost that walks in this city is the ghost of the theatre, which is ever a pleasing sight to the company in whose interest it walks ..... We regret that Rutherford B. has not been in the city when Lydia Thompson and her newly-imported troupe of blondes make their r'entree here. Mrs. Hayes can certainly have no objection to his taking in such beauties of nature, however much opposed she may be to his imbibing anything more exhilarating than fresh Orange-county milk ..... When Jim Bray's troupe, it is said, alleges that "good wine needs no bush." Correct; but the trouble is to *get* the good wine. Some of our readers may affect to believe that this is a bad whine on our part ..... At Niblo's Garden they are doing "The Poor of New York," and that includes nearly everybody just now, if all they say be true ..... We may incidentally remark to those fond of the game that they are going to play "*Pink* Dominoes" at the Union-square Theatre this week. Let us hope that no player may succeed in blocking the game of the managers ..... Our readers will have seen by last week's CLIPPER that Mr. Henry C. Jarrett has created the Mozart Garden entertainments in Brooklyn. [Oh, no, Jimmy; these have no resemblance to Frank Chanfrau's Mose art-representations of the long ago.—Ed.] ..... Have you ever noticed that the *ballet's trade keeps up* many a manager who might, without that support, fail to do? ..... And here we should like to say that it will not do to ignore the ballet. That branch of our stage industry may have been a trifle overdone at one time; but that is no reason why its services should be dispensed with altogether, as those who would "whistle it down the wind" will find out to their cost sooner or later. A pretty, well-formed, and well-attired young ladies is a tower of strength which never fails to draw. It lightens up the heavy portion of a programme, and makes an otherwise dull and insipid entertainment lively and soothing. That manager who secures such a one to be mentioned is not likely to go under during the approaching season. Give the girls a chance ..... Manager Fox of Philadelphia is, like the renowned Phœnix, rising from his ashes; or, rather, his theatre is rising on the ruins of the establishment razed by the fury of the devouring element. Mr. Fox is not one of those men who settle down under disaster, and mourn o'er the sad misfortune which has overtaken them. No, he is not one of that class, but rather of that brotherhood who pick their flints and try it again ..... They are coming back. Our professional friends, who crossed the raging main at the close of the season, are working their way back, singing "Home, Sweet Home," and "Ever of Thee." We go down to the pier every night, and peer into the dim shadows of the coming morn to see if we can see anything of our returning prodigals. You don't know how much good it does us when, through the mists of the Narrows, we catch the sunny smile of sweet Adelgisa, or meet the kindly greetings of Joseph Bagstock. It is very sweet to while away the night in this manner ..... The funny fellows in the daily papers are singing "The Song of the Jail-bird" in many bars. We admit that *we* are funny, too, but we disclaim all knowledge of jail-birds and bars! ..... "Things is workin'," Mr. Shakespeare or some other fellow once wrote to a friend; and we might say the same concerning the time in which we are soon to take to the road, whereby they hope to earn an honest living. We stayed home last night, and barred all the doors and windows and chimneys and stovepipe-holes, and then, in the quiet of our own fireside, we laid ourselves out to write a bit of poetry commemorative of the coming railroad "ride of the six hundred." People who cannot write poetry have no idea how easy it is when you are left to yourself and to the library which contains books two or three thousand years old, and which nobody nowadays ever catches a glimpse of. We bestowed a good deal of thought on this poetic effort, as you may judge, and yet it does not altogether suit us. It is clever, and to the average mind it may loom up as a work of grandeur; still we lay claim to no such distinction. We cast it upon the waters as it is. Should it return to us after many days, battered, bruised, mutilated, it may give us cause to ponder on the ignorance of the world, and the devilish mean and envious spirit of the present generation. And that's what's the matter with Hannah. But, to return to our subject, we have great pleasure in presenting for your inspection the subjoined poem on

THOSE COMBINATIONS.

There are fifty odd, we hear it said,
That start upon the road—
Oh, let us hope they'll all succeed,
And none of them "explode."
Oh, much we pray that every man
Will get his little "stake,"
Nor "count the ties" in walking home,
Or breast the broad canal.
But will our country cousins stand
This influx so immense,
And show their dollars as they should,
And also show their sense?
"Variety's the spice of life,"
And they will have their fill,
From Morris to Mazeppa,
An' from Booth to Bill.
We shall with palpitating heart
Keep all of them in view,
And fondly trust that all of them
May last the season through.

CITY SUMMARY.

"BABY" IS GROWING RAPIDLY in the favor of the public, and the orchestra of the Park Theatre nightly presents the appearance of a flower-garden, owing to the brilliant-hued ornaments which decorate the head-gear of the fair sex who congregate there in large numbers to see "the little darling." The second act of the comedy is the most amusing of all that have been placed before a metropolitan audience in years.

THERE WAS A FALLING-OFF in the attendance at the Fifth-avenue Theatre the past week. "Ah Sin" does not appear to have that hold upon the public attention which was anticipated.

MARY CARR closed her engagement at the Union-square Theatre Aug. 10, "Poor Jo" remaining the attraction to fair business.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN "The Poor of New York," with its realistic fire-scene, is doing a good business for the Summer season. The piece is well cast, nicely mounted, and, as a whole, capitally acted. W. J. Fleming in his new role of manager is displaying much energy and considerable acumen.

AT THE COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE the new people this week are May Hamilton and Josie Willard. The company includes Fred Harris, Fannie Lawrence, Annie and Alice Daisy, Frank Davis, Mlle. Zinella, Trixy Vernon, Mohs, Venini, and Marie Connelly's Statue Troupe, and the Colonna Ballet Troupe.

THOMAS MAGUIRE, the veteran California manager, is in town. Next season he is to manage Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, for the proprietor, "Lucky" Baldwin.

MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS and her daughter, Marie, sailed for Europe on Aug. 8.

SAM LANG and Miss Dollie Sharpe were married Aug. 5 by the Rev. F. J. Schneider.

CALL AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK.—The ladies and gentlemen engaged at the Fifth-avenue Theatre for the season of 1877-8 are requested to meet in the green-room of the above-named house Aug. 20, for rehearsal.

CHARLEY KONOLLMAN, aided by volunteer talent, is to give a performance in Jefferson Hall, 233 Avenue A, Aug 20, for the benefit of the poor in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Wards. Performers willing to give their services may apply to Mr. Konollman at 223 East Fourth street.

J. F. COOPER, J. A. Bailey and R. S. Hood, proprietors of Cooper, Bailey & Co's Menagerie and Circus, which is at present traveling in Australia, also M. F. Young, treasurer of the same establishment, are all in the city on business connected with the show, and stopping at the St. Denis Hotel.

WILLIAM D. BOOTH, a lawyer who had been engaged in many celebrated theatrical law-suits, died in this city some six months ago. As we believe this is not generally known in professional circles, we give it publicity. A well-known business-manager went to his office during the past week to consult him upon business, and learned for the first time of his demise.

MANAGER W. J. FLEMING of Niblo's Garden was surprised on Saturday morning last by being presented with a valuable monogram ring by the members of the company engaged there, upon whose behalf Miss Gussie De Forrest made the presentation speech. On the inside of the ring is engraved "Niblo's, 1877."

BURTON STANLEY, Hattie and Bennie Grisnell, Mullen and Magee, Ella Camble, Healy, Conway and Ella Saunders, and Jerry Cohan are the fresh people billed at the London for this week. Ella Maie, Jennie Kramer, Lamlin and Preston, Clayton and Weston, James Dalton, Charles Christie, and the Zanfretta Troupe will also appear.

STUART ROBSON and W. H. Crane are to commence an engagement at the Park Theatre Jan. 28, 1878, when a new comedy, written expressly for them by Dion Boucicault, will be acted for the first time on any stage.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE was opened for the season Saturday night, Aug. 11. Harrigan & Hart, proprietors; M. W. Hanley, manager; Dave Braham, musical-director; G. W. Burnton, properties; R. L. Weed, scenic-artist; Richard Doyle, engineer; J. Adams Graver, stage-manager; John Cannon, treasurer; James Gifford, master-mechanist; and Miss Kate Devoe, costumer. A large audience was present, and they gave a hearty welcome to each performer as he or she came on the stage. The entertainment opened with Sanford and Wilson in their well-known musical act entitled "The Jolly Tramps," which was followed by Miss Adrienne Grey, a pleasing vocalist; Harrigan and Hart in character duets, entitled "The Pain Gold Ring," "Roscoe Olando Montreldor" and "The Seedy Actors," which met with much favor; Alice Somers, attired in male costume, gave songs-and-dances in a pleasing manner; Cardella and Victorelli performed a number of difficult feats on the horizontal bar; Will H. Morton sang quite effectively a number of songs, which had been much applauded when heard in this city the past season; the Big Four, as reorganized, made their first appearances in public in an act called "Wonders." Their entertainment is pleasing, and when the performers shall have become better acquainted with each other's peculiarities they will, no doubt, achieve success. J. W. Morton and Master Martin supply the places of Lester and Allen, who have retired. George S. Knight evoked peal after peal of laughter by his clever Dutch specialties; and the dramatic sketch of "Our Irish Cousin," with Harrigan and Hart in the chief characters, and the Miniature 69th Regiment in military evolutions, closed the bill. The cast included G. W. H. Griffin, F. A. Wills, Ed. Burt, J. Dunn, M. Bradley, J. A. Graver, John Queen, and the Misses Nellie Jones, Lizzie Gale, Annie Mack and Lewis, not otherwise seen. The same programme will be continued this week.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE RIGNOLD and Harry Beckett, who left Australia for England in the steamship Adriatic Aug. 11.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON TROUPE and Samuel Colville, their manager, arrived from Europe in the steamship City of Chester Aug. 12.

W. L. ALLEN has opened a dramatic agency at No. 5 Union square, and managers and artists are referred to his advertisement elsewhere.

THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE is to be opened for the season Aug. 13 under the continued management of Poole & Donnelly, aided by Wm. McCoy, treasurer; A. W. Hoffman, musical director; John Denham, machinist; W. Herbert, stage-manager; H. Victor, prompter; and J. Waggoner, gasman. The attraction will be Joseph Murphy, acting in "Kerry Gow," supported by his own combination, which includes W. M. Ward, W. H. Wallis, Harry S. Duffield, A. G. Enos, Charles B. Hawkins, J. M. Murray, J. A. Wilks, J. Malloy, C. Atkins, Miss Ada Ward Tiffany, Annie Mortimer and Carrie Bray.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT arrived from Europe in the steamship Spain Aug. 12.

MISS ALICE HARRISON arrived here from San Francisco, Cal., the past week.

THE Academy of Music in Lower La Garde have enjoyed during the past week the performances of the same popular soloists as before mentioned. These, with the band in programmes of varied selections and the comparatively cool temperature of the place, haveproved drawing elements.

THE FOLLOWING changes will be made in the cast of "Baby" at the Park Theatre, Miss Minnie Doyle replacing Miss Linda Dietz as Mme. Aurelia, and J. W. Collier E. F. Thorne as Baby.

SUNSTRUCK.—Shirley France went on a yachting excursion down the harbor on Aug. 4, and during the entire day he exposed himself to the sun's rays. During the following morning his brother, who was of the party, noticed a peculiarity in Shirley's breathing, and, upon going to him, found that he was ill. The yacht put in at Staten Island, and Mr. France was carried ashore for treatment. After an examination by physicians it was found that he was suffering from sunstroke. He was brought to this city, and taken to a hospital in Ninety-first street. After the effect of the sunstroke had passed away, it was found that his brain was affected, and he was attacked with a mild form of insanity. His relatives, believing that he could receive better treatment in Bellevue Hospital, had him removed there Aug. 11.

CALL.—The ladies and gentlemen of the Adah Richmond Burlesque and Opera-bouffe Company are requested to assemble for rehearsal Aug. 22, as per card.

NIBLO'S GARDEN the new arrivals Aug. 13 are to be Mlle. Martelle, Howard and Sanford, Dan Tracey, Frank Lewis and J. O. Hall.

DRAMATIC.

MRS. FRANK P. THORNTON, *nee* Miss Annie E. Ford, eldest daughter of Manager John T. Ford of the Baltimore and Washington theatres, died of a disease of the kidneys at 5 o'clock P. M., Aug. 8 at her husband's country-seat, Fairfield, near Washington, D. C. A telegram was received by Mr. Ford's family in Baltimore on the morning of Aug. 8 announcing her sudden illness, and, although they left immediately, she had already expired before they arrived. Mrs. Thornton had been married but a very short time, having been united to a son of Purser F. A. Thornton of the navy on June 22 last. She was educated in Mount St. Joseph's Academy, in Maryland, where she showed from the outset her extraordinary talent in the modern languages. During a visit to Europe, a year or so ago, many of her letters were published in the Baltimore papers, and attracted considerable attention. Besides numerous contributions to magazines and literary papers, she had adapted several dramatized several novels for the stage, which achieved success. Among these, which she had produced at Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, were Dickens' "Edwin Drood," "Daniel Boone," "Bertha, the Daughter of Roland" (an adaptation from Auerbach's novel), "Old Mamsell Secret" (from the German), and "Over Yonder." Mr. Ford will have the sympathy of a large number of professional friends and acquaintances (to many of whom the deceased was personally known) in his sad bereavement. Our correspondent, writing on Aug. 11, says: "Her remains were brought to Baltimore on Thursday, inclosed in a walnut casket, which was covered with black cloth and mounted with silver. The six handles were of massive silver, tipped with gold, and the silver plate bore the inscription: 'Annie E. Thornton, died Aug. 8, 1877, aged 27 years.' The funeral took place on Saturday. The floral offerings were handsome and numerous. Rev. John Foley, pastor of St. Martin's Church, said prayers at the house of Manager Ford, on Gilmor street and the Liberty road, after which the corpse was proceeded to St. Martin's Church, where a requiem high mass was celebrated. The music was under the leadership of Prof. Jean Schaffer; organist, Jennie Rinn. The singing was rendered by Annis Montague, Madame Rosewald of the Kellogg English Opera Company, Mrs. J. J. Cacrese, Mr. Albert Holland, S. K. Davis, Frank Lipp, E. Gill, and others. Miss Montague sang 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair,' and later Mme. Rosewald sang a prayer from 'Der Freischutz.' The auditorium of the church was filled to its utmost capacity, hundreds were unable to obtain seats. The funeral cortege proceeded to Greenmount Cemetery, where the remains were placed in a vault of the Thornton family."

MRS. DALTON, wife of J. T. Dalton, recently of the Soldene Opera Troupe, died of consumption in Cleveland, O., Aug. 9. She acted for some time in London, Eng., under the name of Maggie Harrison, and gave much promise for the future. She first appeared in Covent-garden Theatre in 1871, and next was engaged at the Globe Theatre. She then went to the Gaiety, where she remained three seasons, when symptoms of the disease which caused her death compelled to quit the profession. She came to this country last Fall, thinking the change of air might prove beneficial.

A NEW STOCK-PIECE is advertised by "Owner" as for sale or to be ob

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROF. C. W. MOGLENEN notifies the public in his card in another column in regard to his patent-rights in the apparatus for producing what is known as the ghost mystery.

AN AGENT or a manager with a small capital can secure a partnership in a well-known popular entertainment by applying to B. B. B., as per card.

P. W. SHRADER, contracting and advertising agent, can be engaged for next season. Address as per advertisement.

A STEREOPTICON and views are advertised for sale cheap by L. G. Wilson.

T. F. LYON, billposter, Omaha, Neb., inserts his card in another column, and states that he controls all boards and privileges.

LINCOLN OPERA-HOUSE, Danville, Ill., has a large stage, with scenery, dressing-rooms, etc., and will seat over nine hundred. Parties desiring to rent this house will find further particulars in W. W. R. Woodbury's advertisement.

FRANK GIBSON, agent, whose address find in another department, will be disengaged Sept. 1.

"STAGE SCHOOL" advertises for a young man as partner who can furnish from $150 to $300.

AT BLOOMS' EMPORIUM all the latest novelties in dress and theatrical goods can be purchased at 20 per cent. less than at any other establishment, states an advertisement; and they have added a new feature in the shape of a dressmaking department. A card also testifies to the excellence of their French perforated tights.

SIGNOR BOSCO, wizard, performed in Oneonta, N. Y., Aug. 10, 11, 13, and will show in Otego 14, 15, 16, Unadilla 17, 18, 20. W. H. Bronson is agent.

LIVING CURIOSITIES are wanted for the fairs; also a door-tender. See Chas. Ellis' advertisement.

TENTS at low rates are advertised for sale by Western Star M. F. G. Co.

DE FOREST DAVIS, proprietor of the International Hotel, Kalamazoo, Mich., offers special inducements to parties visiting that city to transact their business with him. See card of particulars.

A. B. BLAVTIN, agent of Adams' Express Co. and manager of amusements at Greencastle, Ind., advertises elsewhere.

SIGNOR BOSCO, magician, with C. FOX, agent, is billed to show in Karns City, Pa., Aug. 14, 15, 16, Millerstown 17, 18, 20.

PROF. DARE, high tight-rope performer, gives street exhibitions in Chelsea, Mass., Aug. 13, thence to Charlestown, Waltham, Natick and Framingham.

THOMAS W. DAVEY has leased Durley Hall, Bloomington, Ill., and George S. Smith is to act as the agent of the hall.

MAGIC LANTERNS and slides can be purchased of Theo. J. Harbach, whose card find in another department.

NOXON AND TOOMEY, the well-known scenic-artists of St. Louis, Mo., have restocked Gibbons' Opera-house, Keokuk, Ia., with scenery, including a new drop-curtain.

THEY ARE BUILDING an opera-house at Bedford, Ind., which will be ready for occupancy Sept. 1. The hall is represented as being handsomely fitted up and supplied with all the necessary conveniences, and the inaugural night, which is yet open, it is anticipated will prove a successful one, arrangements having been made for special trains from the neighboring towns. See advertisement.

GIBBONS' HOTEL, Baltimore, Md., has been refitted and refurnished. S. M. Gibbons, the proprietor, advertises special rates to professional guests.

FRY'S OPERA-HOUSE, Mt. Sterling, Ill., which is advertised as having stage, scenery, and a seating capacity of 600, is open for rental.

MUSICAL APPARATUS of all kinds can be purchased at Henry Stone's establishment, advertised elsewhere.

DURLEY HALL, Bloomington, Ill., by lease passes into the hands of T. W. Davey, and the season is now being filled up. Those wishing to secure dates can apply to Manager George S. Smith, as per card.

ASBESTOS is being converted into a fire-proof fabric which can be sold very cheaply, and which is expected to be largely utilized in buildings such as theatres and churches, where a fire may cause a great loss of life.

MUSIC HALL, Somerset, O., J. F. Cordray lessee, can be rented or secured on sharing terms. The house is advertised as being well furnished with scenery, etc., and having a seating capacity of 700.

A PANORAMA OF IRELAND is offered for sale by L. W. Seavey, who advertises.

PEDANTO walked on a wire across the Schuylkill River, Philadelphia, each afternoon during the week ending Aug. 11.

SIGNOR BERTOLOTTO'S "Educated Fleas" are again on exhibition at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, opening there Aug. 6.

JOHN S. MORTON has succeeded Clement M. Biddle as president of the Permanent Exhibition, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

P. B. RHOADS can be engaged as advance-agent or programme-man. See card.

THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE at Greenville, Miss., will be completed Sept. 1. It will have a stage, with scenery, etc., and will seat five hundred.

FRASER CROSS, programmer, can be engaged. See card.

FRED H. BLECKER, agent, contractor and advertiser, is at liberty, and can be addressed as per advertisement.

MUSEUM CURIOSITIES of all kinds are wanted at the New York Museum. See Tillotson & Jacob's card.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"LA LUNE SANS MIEL," a comedy left unfinished by Varin (who died in 1869), and which has been completed by Alfred Delacour, was first acted recently at the Palais Royal Theatre, Paris. A correspondent says of it: "The 'happiest day' of poor Berlengen's life is indeed succeeded by a period scarcely less full of honeyed bliss. His wife, Eliza, had accepted his hand simply because no one else offered another at the time, and she goes to the altar bewailing the fate of her beloved Pepinster, to whom she had formerly pledged her troth and given her affections, but of whom she has had no tidings for a space of eighteen months. Time flies—especially for marriageable spinsters—and the force of Eliza's patience could no farther go; so she marries poor Berlengen. But, by one of those miraculous coincidences not unusual in comedy, who should turn up just as the wedding ceremony is accomplished but the long-lost Pepinster! Terrible is his rage, and terrible also Eliza's despair. His disappearance is accounted for in a way equal to the mystery of his present apparition. During happy courting days, eighteen months previously, Eliza had conceived an ingenious method of testing the depth of her Pepinster's affection. He possessed a superb pair of moustaches, of which, naturally, he was excessively proud—in fact, these fatal moustaches were the young man's glory. In an evil moment the fancy entered Eliza's brain—or into the substance which, in her case, served for a brain—to demand the sacrifice of these moustaches as a proof of Pepinster's love. The young man hesitated not a moment; but, clapping his hat on his head, rushed off to the barber's. Unfortunately, the adjustment of the hat was carried out in such a hurried way that, instead of remaining in its place, it fell off into the sea, and Pepinster, in his eagerness to recover it, was soon out of his depth among the waves, after floundering about for a short time, in imminent danger of being drowned, he was ultimately dragged on board a little fishing-smack bound for Newfoundland, the occupants of which were in too great a hurry to think of putting him on shore again. So, after countless adventures and fruitless attempts to rejoin his betrothed, here he turns up five minutes too late. His rage, I have said, was terrible, but it is methodical rage, and, for that reason, all the worse in its consequences for Berlengen. Pepinster's only idea and object now is to keep close watch and ward over the newly-married pair, and never to leave the husband an instant alone with his wife. The luckless Berlengen takes the train for Bruges—the scene, I should mention, is laid in Belgium—and, in the same carriage with himself and Eliza, who should install himself but Pepinster! At the hotel—where the bridegroom counted on being at last relieved of his presence—his persecutor engages the next room, with a communicating door, moreover, and an instant does not pass without his premeditated irruption to disturb the conjugal tête-à-tête. He finds excuse after excuse for his invasion of poor Berlengen's privacy. First he comes to beg a match; next proposes a game of cards; and, finally, declares he is going to hang himself, suiting the action to the word by drawing a rope from his pocket, and tying it to Berlengen's portmanteau. Eliza's exasperated husband comes to the conclusion that his tormentor is out of his senses; so he calls the servants, sets ringing all the bells, and at last shoves the intruder out of the room. The luckless wight fondly imagines his persecution is at an end, and that he and his wife will at last be left in peace and bridal happiness, when a terrific knocking begins, loud enough to shake the whole hotel. The madman next door is hammering at the wall with the heaviest implements he could lay his hands on. The proprietor, alarmed by the din, hurries to the spot, accompanied by a *posse comitatus* of waiters, boots, and chambermaids, and expels the occupants of both rooms from his house, after a copious mutual exchange of hard blows that makes the encounter assume the proportions of a Hudibrastic battle. During this *scrimmage*, the fair Eliza, whose old flame for Pepinster has begun to burn more brightly than ever, in consequence of his love-sick follies for her sake, runs away to her father's house, there to set up a long-continued wail of tears and supplications to have her marriage annulled. Luckily for her and for the authors, divorce is allowed by the Belgian Code, and, as judges are never overstrict in comedy, the decree is at last obtained. Had it not been pronounced, the piece might go on forever, with the hapless Berlengen scudding from inn to inn, his reluctant wife on his arm, and the indefatigable Pepinster always in persistent pursuit. As you may well imagine, these comical adventures created continued hilarity, and the piece is a decided success."

"A WOMAN'S PERIL, OR SAVED FROM DEATH," is the title of a new drama by W. A. Suter and A. Crofts, which was brought out at the Victoria Theatre, London, Eng., July 28. The woman referred to in the title of the piece is one Emily Cleveland, who goes through all sorts of peril and encounters all sorts of dangers in her endeavor to clear from her lover, Percy Grosvenor, the suspicion of guilt which has been wrongly cast upon him, and to drag to justice his rival, her bitterest foe, and the villain for whose crime the lover alluded to is suffering. That her efforts in the end are crowned with success, that villainy is found defeated and virtue triumphant, the student of the melodramatic will not need to be told. Miss Agnes Templeton assumed the role of the heroine, and H. F. Hyde appeared as Percy.

"LES TROIS BOUDOINS," a little one-act piece by Eugene Grange and Victor Bernard, was recently produced at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris. A timid husband, whose wife had sent him to occupy a detached room, under pretense that she was ill, but in reality because she had an appointment with her lover, comes to ask hospitality in the adjoining chamber from a young fellow, the Vicomte Paul De Lussac. He proposes that they shall spend the night playing *ecarte*—a proposition by no means agreeable to Paul. Suddenly, to turn the conjugal *tête-à-tête*. He finds excuse after excuse for his invasion of poor Berlengen's privacy. First he comes to beg a match; next proposes a game of cards; and, finally, declares he is going to hang himself, suiting the action to the word by drawing a rope from his pocket, and tying it to Berlengen's portmanteau. Eliza's exasperated husband comes to the conclusion that his tormentor is out of his senses; so he calls the servants, sets ringing all the bells, and at last shoves the intruder out of the room. The luckless wight fondly imagines his persecution is at an end, and that he and his wife will at last be left in peace and bridal happiness, when a terrific knocking begins, loud enough to shake the whole hotel. The madman next door is hammering at the wall with the heaviest implements he could lay his hands on. The proprietor, alarmed by the din, hurries to the spot, accompanied by a *posse comitatus* of waiters, boots, and chambermaids, and expels the occupants of both rooms from his house, after a copious mutual exchange of hard blows that makes the encounter assume the proportions of a Hudibrastic battle. During this scrimmage

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for or at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
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FOR 1877

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A STEADY MAN AS AGENT OR MANAGER, WITH A CASH CAPITAL OF $500, for which he will be made a full partner in a first-class POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT. Only two salaries to be paid. This is one of the best entertainments on the road, and has been before the public in every city in the United States. No one need apply unless they have the $500. Address, with real name, B. B. B., 21-1t* care of CLIPPER, New York.

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Wanted, to support the distinguished emotional and tragic actress, MISS ADA GRAY, for the season of 1877 and '78, a FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY.
Applicants not known to the undersigned are requested to send photo. Silence considered a negative. Managers of theatres and opera-houses are requested to address the undersigned for open dates. CHAS. A. WATKINS, 21-1t* Oneonta, Otsego Co., N. Y.

FANNY PHELPS AND TONY RICHARDSON, Song-and-dance, closed a season of 14 weeks with Great New York Circus Aug. 7. Permanent address, Ashtabula, O. 21-1t*

HARTFORD ADELPHI, 177 State street, Hartford, Ct. NOTICE.—The above place of amusement will not open Aug. 27, 1877. All engagements made by Mr. Oscar Willis or W. D. Ardell are cancelled, as I have purchased the theatre. Due notice will be given in regards to date of opening. W. W. LABRIBEE, Proprietor, Brower House, Hartford, Ct. 21-1t*

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—I have very desirable billing-places, and can offer good inducements to parties desiring to play this city on sharing terms. Can furnish first-class hotel and baggage contracts if desired. Address DE FOREST DAVIS, 21-4t Proprietor International Hotel, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HANSON AND SMITH,
THE MUSICAL ECCENTRICS,
OPEN SEASON
at Boylston Museum, Boston, Aug. 13, one week; London Pavilion, Hartford, 20, one week.
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SPECIAL NOTICE TO MANAGERS.
WANTED, FIRST-CLASS VARIETY COUPLE, Sept. 25, 26 and 27, 1877, to play in SAMPSON HALL, Charlotte, Mich., during Fair.
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Twenty-five bill-boards in the country.
Will play on percentage. Also, will make arrangements with FIRST-CLASS TROUPE during season of 1877 and 1878, to let or play on shares.
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WANTED—
PARTNER TO TAKE INTEREST IN A CANVAS-SHOW NOW ON THE ROAD. Must have $300. One who has some teams preferred. Good opening for a man who will suit us. We go South for all Winter. Address HAMILTON HOWARD,
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21-1t W. W. R. WOODBURY, Proprietor.

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TO THE PROFESSION AT LARGE.
All letters in regard to procuring engagements at the CENTENNIAL THEATRE AT FORT WORTH must be directed to JOE LOWE, Proprietor, Fort Worth, Texas, as MR. GEORGE FILMORE, formerly Stage-manager, is NO LONGER IN MY EMPLOY.
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MR. ROBERT FOX
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which will be opened on or about
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He will be accompanied by dramatic artists for the following parts:
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LEADER OF ORCHESTRA AND BRASS;
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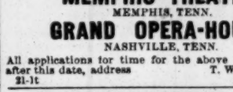

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